

# ★ HUNTING *and* FISHING

MAY  
1939

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Gordon E.  
Nichols  
1939

*Yes Sir!*



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# "RIVER-RUNTS" are the "FISH-GETTING-EST" BAITS for ALL GAME-FISH!

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Photo courtesy U. S. Forest Service

## FOREST FIRE

### *The curse of wildlife*

By

James G. K. McClure, President

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

OF all our natural resources, wildlife has the greatest human appeal. It transcends, but in no way eclipses, our love of trees and forests. In the minds of many, forests and wildlife are inseparable, and to a considerable extent this is true. Without the protection of forest cover many animals would have no place of refuge, and all sportsmen know the close relationship of forests to the sport of fishing.

However, they have common enemies. Chief of these is fire. This devastating scourge destroys the homes and feeding places of many animals and birds. To a shocking extent one finds their charred bodies and ruined nests in the wake of fire. Fishing streams are polluted and their sources dried.

Realizing this, sportsmen are increasingly aware that the spring fishing season suffers in a major conservation problem—the prevention and control of forest fires. Each year fields and forests in every part of the country are rambled by fires that cause timber and property losses running into millions of dollars. Greater still are the intangible and indirect losses resulting from subsequent erosion and floods, destruction of wildlife and natural beauty, dislocation of industry, summer recreation and local tax income.

In spirit and substance, forest fires strike at the foundation of conservation in its every field—wild, water, wildlife, outdoor recreation, public and private forests and parks. Millions of dollars of public funds have been spent during recent years in conservation works. These investments may be wiped out almost overnight by the 140,000 fires that annually spread flames and smoke from Florida to Alaska.

From the beginning of forest conservation in this country, The American Forestry Association has held fire prevention to be the backbone of conservation progress. It is the major objective of its educational work. By every means at its disposal, it has sought to develop a public sentiment that will deal with fire in fields and forests as an epidemic of disease to be dealt with by enlightened communities. The Association has sponsored and crusaded for fire prevention laws and for

state and federal appropriations adequate to the task of dealing with the problem. There can be no lasting conservation, the Association holds, until the fire problem is solved.

With the cooperation of individuals and organizations interested in hunting and fishing, The American Forestry Association and its associates worked for the passage of the Weeks Act of March 1, 1911, the aims of which were broadened and strengthened in the Clarke-McNary Act of June 7, 1914. Recognizing that the public is responsible for creating the majority of forest fires through carelessness and ignorance, the Act established the principle that the states and Federal Government should bear a part of the cost of protecting both public and private forest property against fire. Today, forty-two states are legally authorized to carry on forestry activities and are receiving allotments under the Clarke-McNary Act. Over 750,000,000 acres are under protection, and the states and private timberland owners are appropriating nearly \$7,000,000 with which to match a federal appropriation of \$2,000,000.

No estimate are available as to the wildlife values destroyed annually by forest fires, but that they add immensely to the annual forest loss of some \$45,000,000 there is no doubt. More adequate provisions now contemplated in an effort to increase the federal appropriation to \$5,000,000 would rationally reduce the losses to wildlife, as well as those to the growing forest.

In this The American Forestry Association invites the co-operation of all hunters and fishermen. Efforts are now underway to secure approval by the Bureau of the Budget for an increase in next year's Clarke-McNary appropriation of \$500,000—to reach the full authorization of \$2,500,000. Senators McNary of Oregon and Representative Dacey of Mississippi have each introduced bills (\$ 226 and H. R. 366) to increase the authorization for annual appropriations from \$2,500,000 to \$9,000,000, that all of the 440,000,000 acres of private and state owned timber may be protected against fire.

That this may be accomplished it is hoped that all who are interested in forests and wildlife will give their united support.

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## YOUR LETTERS

### PARENTS, PLEASE NOTE

Editor, *Hunting & Fishing*—I have been interested in conservation for some considerable time, and have been rather actively connected with Conservation commissions. For many years I have felt that one field in particular was being neglected. Owing to the changed conditions of our lives, too few of the boys in this country are having the opportunities that you and I have had of going afield with our fathers. This, I believe is due in a great measure to the loss of outdoor recreational facilities, yet in my experience we cannot afford to allow that sort of influence to be lost.

With this in mind, I have been striving all of as many subtle ways as possible, in the hope that I might be able to do a little more work along the line of educating the fathers of the country into the necessity and importance of spending some time with the boys, because of the good influence it would have on their lives.

I have had a great deal of experience with boys, and I know all the way that they can be reached and held in as great an extent as they can, through just this sort of an influence—Judge George W. Wood, Walpole, N. H.

*HUNTING & FISHING* agrees 100% with Reader Judge Wood. A keen active interest in outdoor recreations such as fishing, hunting, camping, field trails plus competitive shooting with rifle, pistol and shotgun all combine to constitute training which leads directly to health, democracy and a thorough understanding of the world's "sportsmanship." Other readers are invited to write us regarding their experiences in taking the younger generation afield.—Editor.

### NOTE FROM INDIANA

Editor, *Hunting & Fishing*—I have read the article on Indiana rabbits in the March issue of *HUNTING AND FISHING*, and I think L. B.'s suggestion is a very good one.

Five rabbits is any one day should supply even the largest family with enough meat and some to spare. To help preserve rabbits in Indiana for the future, I suggest a so closed season on all game birds and poachers.—J. S. D., South Bend, Indiana.

HUNTER & FISHER heartily endorses the "as closed season on all game birds and poachers." Any more reactions from Indiana on the five-rabbits-per-day limit?—Editor.

(More letters on page 45)



## "A mighty good sign, Son ...your liking Union Leader!"

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## PRIZE SPORTING PHOTOS



Above: "Take me, Bau?" First prize winner (\$10) taken by Stephen F. Harris, Dover, Mass. Setting of 1/50 at f 8.

Right: Pipe of Peace. Third prize winner (\$5) taken by Bryan Cottrell, Galeton, Pa. Setting of 1/25 at f 16.

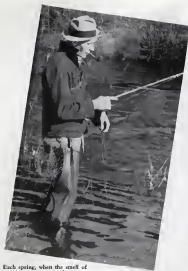


Below: Trout at Dawn. Second prize winner (\$5) taken by Roger A. Winters, East Orange, N. J. Setting of 1/100 at f 8.





# THE PERFECT TRIBUTE



Each spring, when the smell of running water was in the air...

**T**HE LATE AFTERNOON SUN thrust dusty fingers through the windows of the Old Trout Fisherman's Club and spread a hellish warmth over three comfortable angles in three comfortable chairs. Charlie Callum and President Jim Smith talked quietly while old Man Fringle drowned in the other chair. The conversation had turned from trout fishing to trout eating.

"They's only one way," pronounced Charlie. "Katch him, gut him, and drop the hell trout, head, tail and all, into a skillet half fulla hot bacon grease."

"No," Jim disagreed. "I'll have my fish rolled in egg and crackin'-meat and fried slow."

"Well, boys," came a young and cheerful voice from the doorway, "you had better catch those trout first before you eat them."

"Howdy, Doc," said Charlie as Doctor Fred Scott crossed the room and pulled up a chair. "I heard you bin off sponcery for a spell."

"Yes," said the young doctor, "Dad and I just got back from Greenforks. We had a wonderful trip. The trout on the Kettle were biting anything in the book. I had no trouble taking my limit in good trout for three days handrunning."

"Doc," said Jim seriously, "I'll have to drop over to your house for a trout supper tonight."

"Wouldn't do you any good, Jim," Doctor Fred replied. "Every one of those trout are back in the creek."

Miss Fringle blinked sleepily and said, "Snacks, Jim, ain't ye never heard the story as how Doc Fred never kills a fish?"

"That so?" asked Jim. "How come, Doc?"

"Well, it's quite a yarn," said the young man. "It began eighteen years ago." He filled his pipe and settled back in his chair before he continued:

I was only ten years old when Dad took me up to Fiddler's Farthing. We boarded a dandy day-coach at Hemlock Junction, and the queer little locomotive chattered rudely along the bank of the river farther and farther up into the mountain country. From one side of the coach I watched the broad Allegheny slide quietly through green eddies and break into long white ribbons

against the heads of islands. Outside the opposite windows of the coach the Heart's Desire Range swelled smoothly up into the blue.

Hours later, when the old conductor squirmed through the window and yanked the signal rope, the ancient train wheeled to a stop along the river bank where a high square rock projected out into the water. Dad took the oars of a battered john-boat which had been anchored to a ring in the stone and pulled across to the village of Fiddler's Farthing.

It was a pleasant little town, sprawled like some lazy bass-fisherman under the maple trees beside a slow eddy. As we pulled along the town's single street, Dad said to me, "Son, we're going to drop in on an old friend of mine. He has a surprise for you."

I cooed and pleaded to know what it was, but Dad remained smilingly silent until we stopped in front of a little weather-beaten workshop. There was a faded sign on the front window—*Isaac Unger—Rod Maker*.

A bell tinkled with a sprightly musical sound when we opened the door. The shop was dim and cool, fragrant with woodsmoke and the keen smell of varnish.

"Ja, ja! Choost a minute!" The guttural voice came from a partition set across one corner of the shop. Then Isaac Unger called out from behind his workshop, shaking wood shavings from his huge apron and peering uncertainly through thick, dusty spectacles.

"Ach, Goersch!" He clasped Dad's outstretched hand. "Undi du is your po? Gif Isaac your hand, son. Friends we will be, I betcha." His fat face was wreathed in smiles, and his broad gray beard wagged up and down with the heartiness of his greeting. "Come, come, back we go into der house. We will sit. Ve vill talk."

Isaac motioned back through the shop, hung his apron on a nail, and led us into a clean smoky room.

"Goersch," he said as he settled into a creaking chair, "ghuk! I am der two of you had come. You sechey a vahn, ja? It gih pug's knuckles for napper tonight." He smiled at me. "Goersch, der is a goodt poy. He vill make a goodt man, ja? Undi a fine schepstman, I betcha. Mine son, what would you like to do tomorrow?"

"Go fishing," I said shyly.

"Ach, a clasp from der old stick, Goersch. I tink now comes der surprise, ja?"

Old Isaac trundled over to a rod cabinet in the corner of the room and ceremoniously presented to me a little fly-rod that left me breathless and flushed with happiness. . . . It was a beautiful piece of Tenkile cane, seven feet in length, with a slim gap that just fitted my ten-year old hand. We went out into the back yard where Isaac nodded approvingly at my casting. Dad was enthusiastic. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "This is a rod you must live up to, son."

"Mine poy," said the old rod-maker. "I vant you shouldt unerschuldert der most important thing about your catch. Choost look here."

His stubby finger pointed to an extra silk wrapping which formed a thin red line around the bent section. Under the clear smooth varnish was the number "10" delicately traced.

"Choost ten inches it is," said Isaac. "From der schtripping guide to da wrapping. I vant you shouldt never tell a trout schmeiler. Der law says six inches, just that is a six-inch trout! Nonsense put a minnow. Mine poy, ve vill make ten inches our limit, ja?"

"Yes," I said. "Anyway, Dad has taught me not to keep small fish."

"Der is good. Der is vas more fag," He held up three fingers. "Tree sections der rodt has, ja? I vant you shouldt never kill more dan tree trout at van time. Tree goodt trout are all



Here's a fishing yarn with a different twist. The author has reached into the subject of fishing and hit upon several factors that make the sport one of the most fascinating of the many outdoor activities.

By

## RICHARD ESLER

dot a man should eat. Remember, mate son, dot a real schportsman is like a fine rod. He must have backbone enough to get as much as he takes. Good fishing is as much pudding pack as it is taking out."

That evening I sat open-mouthed when Dad and Isaac began calling up old memories, sparring parva of golden days stream, about the big browns of the Frothingrass, the rainbows of Spring Creek, and the minnows that grow sleek and sleeky in the tangled upper reaches of the Big Kettle.

All of these stories had the same ending: invariably the fish were returned to the stream. That part of each yarn was always emphasized. Isaac would say, "Himmel, chest junk of us-four pounds of possum must schill schwimming in der Little Pine Maize you will meet dot chentwomans some day, mine pay!" Or Dad would say, "So I slipped the hook, and the rainbow rolled back into the current. He's still there in Pitohole Creek waiting for you, son." Young as I was, I think I understood.

After that first memorable visit with Isaac, Dad and I made pilgrimages to Fiddler's Farthing two or three times a season. Each spring, when the smell of running water was in the air, the three of us packed up into the Heat's Desires for Opening Day. Old Isaac's streamcraft was so fine and finished as his handcraft. Year after year he and Dad labored patiently with my aching oadman, never losing an opportunity to school me in the ways of trout and men. I remember when Isaac once hooked a big brown on Scrub-stump Creek.

"Watch der rod, Fred," he said. The tip dove down as the trout surged towards the tail of the pool where an up-couped tree lay half in the water. When Isaac turned the big fish, the rod bent double, then swept suddenly upright. The trout raced back up the current, and the rod followed, undulating with a steady, relentless pressure. I noted the fish for Isaac who fished it by the gills and said:

"Tree pounds, maybe, ja?" He laid the trout in the water, slipped the streamer from its heavy jaw, and watched it slide off into the depths. Then he handed me the rod.

"Didt you keep der eyes on der rod, mine pay? Dot was a goodt fight, ja? Mine rod: von der paffle je gefing und: isling, like a goodt schporzman. Some rods are bloe pad schporzman. Under a schman dey do not schmeid up. Crow-gamend dey see, undt veak in schpots. Den dey goe-wetup—undt der goodt verk is lost."

My growing-up years were full of wonderful and fruitful days autumn with Dad and Isaac. I came to worship the old rod-maker. He was like one of his own products, straight and finely balanced, strong and as near perfect in detail as he could possibly be made.

Last one autumn, on my twenty-first birthday, Dad and I went up-country by train, as usual, and crowded across the river in the rod-bait. We were walking along the village street when Dad stopped in front of the general store.

"Son, I'm going to stop in here and say hello to Eb Werner. I need some tobacco anyhow."

"Okay," I replied. "I'll go on up to Isaac's. I believe I can see him in front of the shop."

The old rod-maker blinked and peered hesitantly through his thick glasses as I drew near. He seemed not to recognize me until I was quite close.

"Ah, mine pay," he said heartily. "Goodt it is to see you. But—" I detected a shadow of fear in his voice and face—"where is your papa?"

"Oh, he'll be along in a minute," I said. "He stopped at Werner's."

"Goodt, goodt! Tree moons it has been since you undt he was upriver. For a moment I was afraid—Ve grow oldt, he

undt I."

Isaac was standing in a patch of light where the late afternoon sun struck through a big maple tree in front of the shop, and for the first time since I had known him, I saw him in an aging man. The wide beard that swept his chest was nearly white now. And his eyes seemed misted with the uncertainty of age. His step was slower, too, as he led me back through the shop. Otherwise, he was the same merry, lovable Isaac. When Dad came in and greeted him he said,

"Now we are together again, ve two. See, you remember der surprise box—elefen years ago, when first you come up?"

"Remember?" I replied. "I'll never forget it."

"Goodt. Comte tonight another surprise."

That evening, the three of us, full of Isaac rabbit, fried noodles, and home-brewed lager, relaxed in perfect content around the chimney fire. We had talked quietly for a while when Isaac went and announced,

"Time it is for der birthday present."

A drawer in his rod-cabinet produced five fly-books which he presented to me with a ceremonious gesture.

"Maize son," he said, "in dose books are all der flies I haf used in mine lifetime. I gif dem to you because I know you will use dem like a goodt schporzman."

I was opening the fly-books when Dad spoke up, "But Isaac, these are all your flies, hundreds of them. What are you going to fish with next spring?"

The old rod-maker sat down heavily, stared into the fire for a moment and then looked up with a smile.

"Friends, mine fishing days are over," he said. "Vak." He held up both hands to stop the anxious and astonished queries which were forming on our lips. "I vill tell. I do not see so goodt any more. You notice dot, ja? Mine eyes, pack on me dey haf goot. Efen der glasses make dem no better. Nein, nein, I am not schd like der owl. I use enough so work at most

(Continued on page 25)



The trout were hiding anything in the book



Brutus was a magnificent specimen with a look that was very human.

# PLAYFUL BRUTUS

*A most unusual story of a most unusual dog*

By  
Dave A. Parker

PURE ADMIRATION WAS IN John's eyes as he watched the splendor of the dog holding a quivering picture-post, the fourth in the season. He stepped forward and there was that startling sweet "bow-wow" of a quail cooey (belonging to wing Bang! Bang!) And one of the birds erupted in flight, slowly, lazily, and settled to the ground amidst a puff of feathers.

"I've seen enough," John said sharply to the negro in faded blue overalls and dirty work shirt. "The fun is up."

Mose, the darker, called sharply. "Good boy, uh," Mose said, patting Brutus on the head. "Good old Brutus. Yee and."

Brutus was a magnificent specimen. Big, full-chested, with powerful legs, he looked all dog. But something about his own peculiar facial expression, too Brutus was unusual in that his was unusual-looking. Not human—unusual. So striking and unusual was this expression that all concerned on it sooner or later. It was very human; that look.

"How much did you say you wanted for him?" John asked the negro.

Mose scratched his head and eyed Brutus dubiously. "Wal, I dare reckon say, Min John, but I'd give ink twenty-five dollar for old Brutus."

"Sold!" John said quickly.

The negro and John turned then and started off across the field, Brutus trotting along on his hunch none too docilely. Once

he looked at Mose so appealingly that John burst out, "Damn if I don't believe that dog has a sense of humor!"

And he was right!

It was a heavy-swinging sight, the way Brutus worked that first Saturday. In fifteen minutes, he found two crows and stood five

angles. And the fields were dry and birds hard to find. "Didn't I tell you he was the best dog in Sevier County?" John beamed proudly to Frank, his hunting companion, for the tenth time that morning.

Frank appeared skeptical. He shook his head in wonder and asked, "And you paid only twenty-five dollars for him?"

"Only twenty-five dollars," John said, and at his own bargaining powers in his voice.

Brutus stood another angle, and both men's opinion of him soared to new heights.

And then suddenly something happened!

With a sharp "yelp," Brutus bounded off across the field. Both hunters glanced up in startled amazement at this unusual and opening procedure. The tall broomcraw screened from their view whatever it was Brutus was after so hell-for-leather. They watched the dog streak across the field and sharply Brutus' quarry burst into view.

John's lower jaw dropped and his eyes flew wide. "Ye God!" he cried hoarsely. "A rabbit!"

It was unbelievable! It was impossible! Brutus, the perfect

bird dog, chasing a rabbit like any ordinary beagle. And yelping!

Slowly, John's expression of incalculable amazement turned to red-faced anger. He blew sharply on the whistle and cursed like a madman, but Brutus paid not a bit of attention. Across the field he galloped after the rabbit. Mr. Boney dodged into a clump of briars, and as abruptly as he began the chase, Brutus abandoned it. Calmly he turned and trotted back across the field where he sat down on his haunches, cocked his head sideways, and looked up into the famous face of his master with an expression of utter joy.

John looked down at him in confusion. What to do? Why had Brutus done this thing? John took a leather switch and beat the pointer across his back, while Brutus cinged. "Get up!" John said.

Brutus stood up but instead of bounding off as John expected he looked up at his master with a hurt expression which seemed to say, "What's the idea? I hunted for you. If I want to chase a rabbit, why can't I? After all, don't be so doggone serious about this thing. Why, hunting is *just*!"

"Now get out there," John pointed sternly. "And no more rabbits."

Obediently, Brutus trotted off, then hit his stride and began ranging back and forth across the field. He found another covey, giving each hunter two more birds. "Maybe," John suggested hopefully to Frank, "he won't do that again." But his voice sounded unconvincing in his own ears.

Brutus hunted well for a time, lulling them back into a sense of security when suddenly he took off across the field.

"Brutus!" yelled John. "Come back here!" But Brutus was on his seventh heave. In another minute he had scampered beneath a fence and into a pasture where a herd of cows were grazing. Brutus made a bee line for the nearest cow and the grand apron started—Brutus nipping at the placid cow, sending them lumbering away. From one end of the pasture to the other went Brutus, nipping, yelping joyously, simply revelling in this game of chase-whenever-cows-away.

Furious, John blew the whistle, yelled and waved his arms. Brutus paid no heed. He went on chasing cows.

Frank suddenly let out a loud puff of smut and plopped himself down on the ground. John turned and glared at him. "What the devil are you laughing at?" he demanded beligerently.

"Yeah," Frank roared, "Brutus is *some* dog, by heck. The best doggone bird dog in Saxon County—when he isn't chasing cows! Wow!"

They could do nothing until Brutus tired. After awhile the dog gave up the fun and leaped across to his famous master. His chestnuter over, Brutus bounded off again and started hunting but somehow the fun was gone for John. At any moment Brutus might take it into his head to gallop off after a chipmunk, a rabbit or a cow. What a dog! John growled audibly. He was deeply disappointed, but not hopelessly discouraged, with the result of that first day's hunt with Brutus. Time and patience, John felt, would work wonders with the dog and really make him the perfect hunter.

But John reckoned without Brutus' sense of humor. As the brown of November changed to the greyness of December, and December faded into early January, John began to have graver doubts. Brutus definitely wasn't improving. All the hearings he administered, Brutus took in his stride—then went right back to his old tricks. Time after time, John and Frank took him out, and each time Brutus would hunt wonderfully well for a time. Then he dashed off on a wild chase after something. Nor did anything seem to down his good nature and quizzical outlook on the world. Brutus simply refused to take his hunting seriously.

"I guess I'll have to sell him," John muttered to Frank that cold day in January. "That dog has too big a sense of humor for a hunting dog. No wonder old Moss sold him so cheap." He was disgruntled and keenly disappointed in Brutus.

"Yeah," Frank kidded for the hundredth time. "Brutus is some bird dog—when he isn't chasing rabbits!"

They went down the hillside, crossed over a flat field and lumbered through a high barbed-wire fence. The field they were in was flat and open. Small clumps of scrub trees dotted the land scape here and there, but for the most part it was low pastureland.

"We're pretty far off the farm," Frank said. "This is all new to me. Let's try up this way."

John blew the whistle sharply for Brutus, but the dog was nowhere in sight. "Now I wonder where that fool Brutus is!" he concluded in exasperation.

"Maybe he's over there in that clump of scrub trees," Frank pointed. When they were about a hundred yards from the trees, (Continued on page 27)



Robert Stone

In fifteen minutes the big pointer found two coveys and stood two singles with the most amazing certainty



Photo by Christine Bell, B.F.

## FIRST CLASS SPORTSMAN

By

Truman E. Crocker

THE MORNING SUN WAS just peeping over the hills as I left the main road on the Rogue River, 35 miles Northwest of Gold Beach, and entered the lane which led to Uncle John's house. As I drove into the barn lot, he was just starting for the house with a pot of milk.

"Go, you almost beat your phone call here," he greeted me, grinning. "You'll have to wait till I carry a few pails of water for your aunt to wash with. You know," he continued, "she thinks we waste too much time on fishing."

"I know," I answered. "Remember, I'm married, too, Uncle John."

The appearance of Aunt Myra from the direction of the barn house prevented further conversation on the subject. After a warm greeting, she proceeded to discourse at some length on the foolishness of a couple of men who would get up before daylight and spend an entire day trying to fool fish who were usually much wiser than the ones who fished for them. "And even if you're lucky enough to catch a few," she concluded, triumphantly, "you've spent a whole day at hard labor, burned ten gallons of gasoline, and probably got soaked for a few fish you could buy at the market for a dollar."

Uncle John returned with his last pail of water in time to hear the closing argument.

"But I am to take the biggest Steelhead in Oregon into Johnson's store and win that \$25 cash prize," he stated, "then I can get out a new pair of waders, a new rod, reel, and a lot of other tackle."

"Humph!" Aunt Myra snorted, demurely. "The only way you'll ever get that prize is to go in there disgraced as a fish yourself. Come to think of it, that might not be a bad idea," she continued, thoughtfully. "All you'd have to do would be to share off what little hair you have left, and keep your big feet out of sight." With this parting thrust, she retired in triumph to the kitchen.

AN HOUR later we stood in a bend of the Rogue two miles above Uncle John's ranch. The sun was warm and pleasant now, but the breeze was still cool, and rain rose in a white cloud from the river. The water seemed to be ideal for Steelhead fishing, rather high, but clear and transparent.

"Try it just below that big rock," I said, "and I'll go on up to the head of the hole." Uncle John, who was filling his pipe, merely nodded thoughtfully, and I started for my objective.

Pretty far above us the water dashed in a caged, howling torrent over boulders the size of a water-pail, to come together at the head of the pool in a narrow gutter, which made a deep, swift, stretch of green water that widened out into a pool a quarter of a mile long. Just where the white and green met, a small stream ran into the river from the side on which I was fishing. I stood just below this small stream when I made my first cast.

Nothing happened. I cast again, and still saw no fish. Moving downstream, I tried again, and was rewarded by seeing a silver flash just below my fly as I retrieved it for another cast. Steadily myself, I cast carefully in the extreme edge of the deep, swift water, and retrieved line slowly. There was a flash of silver, a spray of water into the air, a sharp tug, and my fish was hooked. Straight for the deep, swift water he dashed, and I had to give him line as he made a mad rush downstream. Not wishing to give him any more line than necessary, I ran down the edge of the stream, following him up. Suddenly there was a shout from below me. Scanning a glance in that direction, I saw Uncle John's rod apparently trying to jump out of his hand. Then his fish jumped clear of the water in the center of the stream, and I, too, shouted.

"Hold him!" I yelled. "He's a prize-winner!" And so he seemed. "Look out!" Uncle John yelled. "He's coming your way, and I can't hold him!" It was true. Up stream he came like a shot, and Uncle John, try as he would, could not check him.

Giving my tackle all the strain I dared, I checked my fish, and tried to head him upstream. Suddenly, the stream left my line for a few seconds, then there was another and fiercer tug. I knew instantly what this meant.

"We're hooked!" Uncle John yelled. "Be lucky if I don't lose both of them."

I could easily believe him. Tugging first one way, then the other, the fish seemed determined to tangle the lines still more. Only the fact that they were hooked solidly, on heavy tackle, prevented our losing them the first dash. Uncle John jumped up on a large, round rock at the edge of the river.

"Let's head them into this little creek," I yelled, "then we can hold them."

Uncle John nodded, then his face lightened suddenly, one foot slipped off the rock, the other flew up into the air, and he splashed into the river on his back. I noticed that he still held tightly to

(Continued on page 28)

# INSIDE INFORMATION

By

Malcolm Eagles Runyon

So you think I got a raise, Joe? Or was it just because you saw me fishing with the Old Man? Well . . . if so . . . it was an account of those perch . . . eight yellow perch!

"An Editor of the City's largest daily, the Old Man's pretty sharp. Accuracy's his passion. Remember the dition on our makeshift 'the OUTLOOK-OBSERVER KNOWS.' He called me into his office last Monday, and leaning forward over his desk like a turtle about to take off from a log, said, 'Henry . . . I'm not much of a fisherman . . . but you've written a book on it they say . . . now tell me . . . which is better for perch . . . nightwalkers, or garden worms?'"

"White or Yellow?" I asked, and he puffed his head back as if into his shell and scanned the letter he held.

"Senator Sirocco's were doesn't say . . . seems he is going on a trip with some of his constituents next month and wants to be high book."

"Tell him nightwalkers," I offered, for I didn't care if the Senator would be lucky or not, he's not in my camp, and he safe."

"That was like red flannel to a bullfrog. We don't play safe around here, young man . . . WE KNOW . . . or if we don't, we find out . . . and I think you're wrong anyhow . . . ask Mac!"

"Mac runs our 'Adviser to Anglers' column . . . he's one of the best anglers east of the Rockies and knows it . . . cocky as a sun-fish guarding his nest. Before I could give him the high sign to soft pedal, the Old Boy pops the question. 'Any damphool,' Mac answers, 'knows that crawlers see better!'"

"The Chaf stuck out his long, scrawny, tortoise-like neck and glared at us. Then he went and pulled all the staff who fished, one by one, and talked the votes. It was a tie, including his own vote, which didn't help matters any, for if there's anything he dislikes worse than carelessness, it's indecision."

"That night I ransacked my library. Neither books nor catalogues shed any light on the subject . . . not even THE SPORTSMAN'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA. And next morning I was going through Mac's files when Hu Nils jumped in with his suit of terrapin gut. You could see it was still on his mind and that he'd had a bad night . . . dark rings under his beady, thymless eyes."

"Henry," his mouth snapped, "there is just one way of settling this thing so we can be sure we're right. That is for you and me to go up to Green Lake tomorrow and make the experiment. We can not let the Senator down. Be at my place at seven and get your

own bait. And we had better take some lunch."

"If Mac had heard that break, he would have shot back at him point blank that our fishing trip doesn't prove a thing . . . but not me . . . I'm not 'in' as sold as he . . . and besides, I won't passing up the chance of hobnobbing with the boss."

"I'll bring the lunch, too," I volunteered."

"So on reaching home, I first baited the lawn thoroughly. Then after dark I sneaked around with a flashlight and hunted nightwalkers. It took more than an hour but I picked up over a hundred—regular snakes!"

"I was up at dawn. I put up the cats myself. Even baked fresh biscuits instead of using store brand. It was the big chance to make an 'impression' as Andy used to say, for it's not often the Old Man is seen taking with any of the force. And I organized so there wouldn't be any kind of latches or sore notes."

"He didn't say much on the drive to the lake, except to point out that a perch has a smaller mouth than a bass and should logically take the lesser worm. We took a fathometer and put our paraphernalia shapshape . . . he likes things put so . . . can't think any kind of carelessness."

"Of course I rowed. And as he does know Green Lake, it would have been like magic thing for me to suggest where to fish. He was fussy about it, too . . . ranged in the spot with markers to a hair. I had to place the boat on a dime, so to speak. When he gave the signal I let go one ear, reached behind while holding the oar with the other, and raised over the anchor. It sank in an absolutely final sort of way . . . without that dithering-swoosh of the rope. I could see by the Chief's expression that all was not well. 'Didn't you notice it wasn't tied on when we got it?' he asked. And there was something in his tone insinuating I hadn't made a particularly favorable impression as a fishing partner."

"However, I picked up a large more on shore which served well enough, and soon we were back on the same location. The Old Boy had a good supply of those little red worms you find under a tomato pile, and he sat there by the hour almost as motionless as a turtle basking in the sun, while I drowned my nightwalkers. That's the way with perch usually, they seem to travel in schools, and either you get 'em a-plenty, or you don't get a sniff."

"Just before noon he had his first touch. He was sure he had a perch, and when it proved to be an unusually large barge, he was in sore as though he'd grabbed a bullhead the wrong way . . . though he tried hard not to show his feelings."

"I netted the fish, and while he was re-baiting proceeded to untangle the meshes which had caught around the collapsible frame screw fastener. He turned my way and observed in his expressionless, terse manner, 'You are not very sensitive where you sit down, are you Henry?'"

"I was going to reply that I'd been kicked around too much to be, when I realized I was sitting on his up . . . that's well for a rod, Joe . . . and a swell way to make a hit with this Nils."

"To get his mind off my blunders I suggested we eat. I thought he'd feel better with a full stomach. He reached away deliberately with never a hint as to how he liked the things I'd brought . . . my own biscuits . . . freshly spread . . . even an old warpan like you run to them. When he was 'most (Continued on page 25)



The Old Man took eight yellow perch



I'd struck my can of worms . . .

# A GENTLEMAN MUST ASSENT

By

O. H. P. Rodman

INCONCEIVABLE AS IT MAY SEEM, there was a day when it was impossible to buy food. Of course that was a long time ago, such as in the Paleolithic Age, when a man had to take his stone hatchet in hand instead of calling up the local grocer for provisions. But to fully appreciate how early we live today it will do no harm to look back to the Stone Age when the earth contained many animals that placed more man in the middle class. It was no mean task to hunt down an ichthyosaurus with a crude stone ax, let alone defend the hill and get it home to the wife and kiddos. That was many centuries ago, but while most all the customs of that day are now ancient history there are one or two traits (thank goodness) that have survived. One is the instinct which many of us still have very strongly to hunt, trap, fish and live outdoors. The fact that some thirteen million people take out annual hunting and fishing licenses is proof that the instinct is preserved by more than a few.

The other custom is that of man being the provider of food for the family. None of us have any more hatchets with which to chop off the daily bread, but we do—such what we are pleased to call brains—sure, as the majority of cists, the money which buys the food. And more than that, it is usually the men of the family who are the heartiest eaters which leads directly to the fact that although the woman of the family goes to the local grocer, she is buying to meet the demands of the man's wishes, and it is using the money which the man earns. Man is still the "meat getter."

He is the one who is asked: "What would you like for dinner?" tonight, tomorrow and the next day, from Sunday to Sunday. It so happens that we have always been interested in the tri daily art of eating and have asked practically every married man we know if he isn't consulted as to the household menu; nearly 99 44/100%.



answer in the affirmative. The woman bows but behind her perchance lie the preference of the menfolk.

There's hardly a fisherman or hunter who hasn't had many a meal outdoors. Here he, in addition to choosing the choice of food, also takes on the role of cook. Back in the Paleolithic age it is a good bet that the women did most all the cooking, but as man became more civilized he developed tastes for greater varieties of dishes. In the stone age, the only dish was probably a bit of roast meat which was held over a fire on a stick—that was all they knew how to cook and it was all they had. What a difference today! In camp or at home you can take a can-opener in one hand and case of a great variety of fruits, juices, beans, vegetables, meats, spaghetti, and in half an hour's time have the products of many nations and many climes prepared for your breakfast, lunch or dinner. When you plan a two weeks' trip into the woods, you no longer have to worry about keeping things fresh. Modern science, modern manufacture, fast transportation, smart advertising and your local grocer have created a chain of production and distribution which brings you the delicacies of the world.

It's interesting to run over a few of the remarkable conveniences which we all enjoy but take too much for granted. In the old days, if you wanted coffee, you went down to the local grocer, got the news of the day, had him grind up some coffee beans, put the cash on the line and you had coffee-makings which would keep fresh for a few days and give you a good brew. The modern camper can obtain a specially prepared coffee which is like so much magic. Boil your water, pour out a cupful, add a teaspoonful of the magic instant powder and you have as delicious a cup of groundless coffee as you could ask for. The remaining contents of the can will stay fresh indefinitely under the right-fitting lid; the can itself would practically fit into your vest pocket; you don't even need a coffee pot—all of which means reduced bulk.

It was only back in 1936 when the writer was taking a mad-  
(Continued on page 26)



# INTRODUCING FISH-O

*The new competitive,  
entertaining casting  
game for fishermen*



A member of the Hunting & Fishing staff tries out FISH-O on a Boston rooftop

As soon as the fisherman has his game. For many years it has been a source of disappointment to bait casters as well as to dry and wet fly casters that no game has afforded them opportunity to practice and what up their casting accuracy in off seasons. The wing shooters had their off season game in skeet, a game introduced by Henshaw & Fennell and Norman. Streamer fishermen, which in the last few years has grown by leaps and bounds until now it not only is an all-season practice opportunity, but an all-season sport in itself. That the fishermen had failed to conceive a similar game for the sport of fishing had made them almost ashamed of themselves until a group got together in Chicago, a few weeks ago, and completed plans for what appears to be the answer to the fisherman's prayer—Fish-O, a game that every fisherman will welcome because the lines (no pen) for its codices have not been made so hard and fast but that changes for improvement may be made in them.

In fact, the idea of those who are in on the preliminary plans for the game—and the personnel was representative of every part of the country—was first to establish a fisherman's casting game, announce it to the public and then, with the exception of certain necessary fixed rules, invite suggestions for the game's improvement. It promises to create much attention in the fishing world and is nationally sponsored by the American Wildlife Institute and the Black Walnut League of America.

Heretofore, casting, both bait and fly, has been chiefly a tournament contest, participated in by professional or expert casters. It has been an exhibition. The amateur who would have liked to participate felt that he would be in entirely too lost company if he dared enter the arena. Moreover, it was felt that the casting tournaments were not representative of the vast number of fishermen at large any more than a skeet tournament would be if the shooters were composed entirely of experts.

Skeet achieved in great popularity because the rankiest amateur or unskilled beginner, with no training and with only a will to shoot, was as welcome as the flowers in May at any skeet club. This sport has become not only a highly popular sport but it has turned out thousands of good shooters who never would have appeared if skeet clubs had been limited to professionals or experts. Among the entrants to the ranks of skeet fans are thousands of women who never would have thought of picking up a gun if they felt they had to compete with experts. Many women, however, have become just as good shooters as many of the men.

Now comes the fisherman's game, Fish-O, which will be a combination of bait casting and fly casting. Interest in the game is heightened by the fact that the participant will cast at horizontal targets at unknown distances.

The layout may be located on water, as, for instance, in either natural or made ponds, or it can be played on lawns or other level surface outdoors or indoors. It is expected that space at country clubs, municipalities and private grounds will be utilized for the new sport. Fish-O may be participated in by individuals or competing teams. It offers the same opportunity for much company as skeet or golf, and can easily result in building up a series of competitive, all-year-round matches.

In the accuracy bait casting arena just announced as part of Fish-O, there will be ten horizontal targets, six of which must not exceed thirty inches in diameter and four of which—eight targets nearest to the casting point—eighteen inches in diameter. These shall be scattered at random at distances unknown to the caster. No one of the targets shall be located at a distance greater than eighty feet or at a distance less than forty feet from the casting point. If a club or local organization has only five targets at its disposal, contestants may rotate from targets one to five.

The bait casting event is highly interesting in many ways, one of which is that the first five targets must be cast at from a sitting position, as would be required of a caster sitting in a boat. The last five targets must be cast at from a standing position.

The rules themselves, fixed by the organizers of Fish-O, are: "BOD—Classified REEL—Must be of standard manufacture as regularly supplied by their makers, and sold by them through their regular channels, and fixed with a level-winding device. No alterations of any description will be allowed under these rules.

"LINE—Must be of enough test not less than two pounds, and each contestant must submit his line for official test before casting in any recognized event, which shall consist of lifting any official two-pound weight with it from the ground or platform.

"WEIGHT—No casting weight or plug shall weigh in excess of 15 ounces, length overall to be not more than three inches or be less than one inch at its greatest diameter.

"CASTING—Single handed only.

"SCORING—Three casts at each of six targets will be scored as follows:

"Five points for a perfect on the first cast.

"Three points for a perfect on the second cast.

"Two points for a perfect on the third cast.

"If casting weight falls on or within the circle the cast shall be scored 'perfect'. If casting weight falls outside the circle, it will be scored 'miss'. No body will be allowed except for outside interference.

"TARGETS—Ten targets consisting of six not to exceed thirty-inch disks, and four targets, nearest to casting point, each eighteen inches in diameter, scattered at random, will be anchored at unknown distances to the center. (Clubs having at their immediate disposal but five targets may rotate contestants from targets one to five.) No target shall be at a distance greater than eighty feet, or at a distance less than forty feet from the casting point.

"METHOD OF CASTING—Free style unless otherwise specified. Caster will rotate casting at targets from one to ten. (Clubs having at their immediate disposal but five targets may rotate contestants from targets one to five, and again from one to five, provided that targets numbers one and five are set at different distances), and in casting money to meet casting position, next caster will take the position vacated. No caster will leave position until completed until caster occupying next position shall have completed his third cast. The first five targets must be cast from a sitting position and the last five from a standing position.

"DETERMINING WINNERS—The caster having completed the necessary thirty casts (three casts at each of six targets), and having the highest number of credit points shall be declared the winner. The caster having scored the next highest number of credit points shall be declared

(Continued on page 15)

# POT SHOTS & NIBBLES

## *Isaiah Walton Walks at Evening*

All day I had felted the leaping creek  
Through the lacy late spring hours,  
When the dogwood showed on the high  
green hills  
And the smell of hazel flowers

Came down on a wind through the forest  
gold haze  
That obscured the wooded valleys  
And the paths between trees on the stream's  
bank looked  
Like dark gun-targeted alleys.

As I passed at a pool for a last long cast,  
For the day's catch had been meager,  
I casually glanced at the farther bank  
And thought that I saw the figure

Of a quaint old man dressed in sporting  
clothes  
In the fashion of long ago.  
He was pale and then as woodfire smoke;  
By his eyes I seemed to know

That this was never a man, but a ghost  
Came back, that the Angler's spirit  
Was awaiting the rise and the swirling  
sound  
When a trout breaks water. To hear it

He seemed to lean over the quiet pool  
Where the rainbow fish were sleeping;  
As my Castleship settled, a giant trout  
With a violent lunge went leaping.

To the head of the pool where the ripples  
froth,  
But I checked him gently gradually  
And played and acted and creaked him,  
Then raised my eyes to see

If the Angler's ghost had been watching me,  
And I saw by the willows moving  
The fading shape of a quaint old man  
And the nod of his head approving.

And I thought I heard as he disappeared  
Some indignant but words  
Which seemed to come from a long way off  
Like the call of far night-birds.

"My hands have longed for the feel of a rod  
And the fish I shall not be catching  
When the willow roots are green with spring  
And the firs are hatching.

"There's nothing in heaven like a rifled  
stream  
And a rod-top lobing  
And a strange ruc for a haddock by  
And a trout in the current flashing."

Richard Eder

## THE EXODUS

A Terrapin and a Tarpon  
Were conferrin' at the flag  
Said the Tarpon to the Terrapin:  
"I must soon be on my way,  
For the Rodeo is comin',  
I can feel it in my fin!  
And my appetite and temper  
Are my main bootin' arm.  
When I behold those dusters,  
And those spurs, and common squeals,  
I simply cannot sit my age.  
My judgment takes the dead.  
Although I know about the hook,  
And see the line and bait,  
That scorpion' lure keeps comin' me,  
Until it gets my gait.  
They pulled me twice in Texas,  
And beleave me when I say,  
They measured me and took a scale,  
Then let me go my way.  
Though somewhat of a stranger  
In the waters hereabout,  
I understand they gaff you out.  
And they hit you right on out.  
For a Tarpon with my weakness,  
And no self-respect stuff,  
This territory's dangerous;  
They play the game too rough.  
So I'll take a swing to Texas,  
And I'll linger on the way,  
Before I go I'll see my friends,  
And give them all a tip.  
We'll close out while the frolic lasts,  
They'll never guess the reason.  
Then drift back in and tick around,  
Till next year's Rodeo Season."

Frank W. Wilmore

## *Fishin' Bug Will Bite You— "If You Don't Watch Out"*

"Mother, what's that figure telling in the  
bedding summer sun?"  
"That's your father, drying fish-fins, get-  
ting all his tangle done."  
"What's that wild-eyed glaring runner, eat-  
ing you with dirty looks?"  
"That's your father counting stinks, sorting  
out his fishing hooks."

"What's that figure skipping nudy on the  
lawn at night as late?"  
"That's your papa grabbing crawlers, scram-  
bling for his dirty bait."  
"What's that wildy waving blither, screech-  
ing loud with curse and blast?"  
"That human smashpout's your papa, trying  
to improve his cast."

"What's that mouthing idiot saying, what's  
he gibbering about?"  
"That's your pa in frame mirror, praying  
for a speckled trout."  
"Why the marriage on the homestead, why  
the charnel sold for debts?"  
"That's for father's fishing tackle, boom and  
rod and leading net."

Yes, I took him to a doctor, learned, solemn,  
old, and woe.  
Pop began to rave on muskies, reek and  
coke and shattered fins,  
Muttered, wild, about a river where the  
bow and whisker throng  
Pop broke loose and went off fishing—and  
the doctor went along.

George F. Shepherd

## Discontent

Chaired up, at by fish 'n' dainties  
Hasting top snowed on the shelf.  
The boat just waits for a can o' fishworms  
Then goes away all by itself.

Dissatisfaction rules the board,  
Sorrow 'n' waiting rends the cast,  
An't it sad to be a boat's dawg  
When spring fishin' time appears.

F. S. Storer

By John Held Jr.

## SPORTING PUPS





## INTRODUCING FISH-O

(Continued from page 17)

the number-acc. etc. etc.

**"DECIDING TIES"**—In the case of two or more competing entries, each with the same number of correct points, the entry having made the greatest number of perfect mental cases shall be declared the winner. However, should a tie still exist, then the total number of perfect cases by the tied contestants in second place at each target shall be considered in determining the winner. Should a tie still exist, then perfect rank by the tied contestants in the third place at each target shall be considered in determining the winner. Only after the above determinations has failed to break the tie will contestants receive or cast off for consolation.

In the first casting exercise, the point is to make casts at five horizontal targets in succession, located at unknown distances, from twenty to forty feet from the casting platform. In the first round, which will be confined to dry fly casting, the participant may have only three casts at each target. Thirty-inch round targets, horizontal, not vertical, are suggested but twenty-eight-inch targets will be permitted. The idea is to permit the use of compactish-inch bicycle tires, which are easy to obtain, thus obviating the necessity of making special targets.

Only perfect casts which land in the ring target constitute scores. If a perfect cast is made on the first attempt, it counts five points for the caster. If the caster should fail to make a perfect cast on the first try but should make a perfect cast on the second try he scores three points. If he should fail on the first and second attempts and should make a perfect cast on the third try he scores only one point. He can make only one score on each target and in each attempt the fly must float in order to score. A touch on the water or surface of the casting loop or a sunken fly on the water in extending the cast or a sunken fly counts as a cast, but not as a score. Time will constitute a major factor in this contest.

The second round will be contested to wet fly casting. A time limit of not more than five and one-half minutes casting at each target is imposed. A difference in the wet fly casting round is that perfect casts score only three points each. The contestant will cast at each ring target until it is scored before he advances to the next ring target, and all five rings have been scored. He then starts in again at the first ring and continues until time is called.

The third sound is devoted to "roll," or "switch" casting. The same time limit of not more than one and one-half minutes to each target and the same order of casting will be observed. Each perfect cast scores five points. The highest total of points constitutes the winner.

Rods, lures, reels, leaders and flies used in the fly casting game must be of standard manufacture. Leader and fly are unrestricted. The same outfit must be used throughout all events without change except in the case of a broken or lost fly and, so that cast, no allowance is made for time out in making the change. Any fly with hook cut off is permissible to use in the contest.

For the sake of speeding up the game, entrants will work in pairs, with one of the snarler scoring in his idle time as the cister goes around. Warring contestants may also act as scorers.

(Continued on page 22)

## OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

## PREVIEWS

THE N.Y.  
WORLD'S  
FAIR



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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# FISHING

Edited by  
BREEMS FORREST

## REASON for STREAMERS

**D**URING THE LAST few years the streamer fly has grabbed a wide share of the angler's affection for itself as a lure for trout. And apparently with plenty of reason as scores of letters this winter has come will testify.

There are any number of different types of streamer flies and generally speaking, any fly which has the elongated wing which gives it the appearance of a minnow when in the water comes properly under the classification.

We ourselves have been using streamers for a good many years and with what seems to us to have been considerable success. Long ago we proved, to our own satisfaction at least, that a streamer when it is fished with the idea of making it act like a minnow acts when lapping along the stream-bed will take the very largest trout in sight.

Last spring, while fishing one of the home streams which certainly gets more than its rightful share of fishing, we combed a nice run with a cast of wet flies, up and down, and we fished carefully. When nothing stirred but two or three recently hooked eight-inches we changed to a Yellow Tiger streamer. Half way down the run a jutting stump caused a back-eddy and in our fly box the pocket and started out into the current we saw a trout following. On the third cast he took it and his hide now hangs along with some of his brothers and cousins on the wall of our office. The trout, a brown, weighed four pounds, two ounces. A four-pound brown is not the largest brown in the world by a long way, but from any stream in New York state such a fish is worth a lot of fishing fun.

One of the reasons for the popularity of the streamer is the ease with which it can be fished. Streamer fishing is considerably easier on the wrist than dry fly fishing and requires none of the experience necessary to fish wet flies upstream. We have seen any number of anglers who had very little experience with any sort of fly fishing start out with a streamer and get the hang of it before



Small minnow here on fast water are great sport

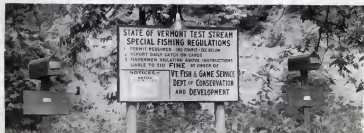
they reached the first head in the river on their initial trip.

We ourselves have been paying particular attention during the last four years to conditions under which the streamer seems to be most effective and while there are always times when trout "take" better than they do at others, we haven't been able to determine yet whether the long wet flies are better in the early spring, in early summer, late summer or on high or low water. Trout seem to take them freely opening day on with no regard whatever for the season, the clearness or mugginess of the stream and regardless of whether the day is dulled with an overhanging sky or pierced with a sun which will burn a hole in the back of the angler's neck. We have taken brownie, brooks and rainbows with them from water so clear that every insect on the fish could be seen before he struck.

Almost without exception, streamers are fished simply across to the opposite bank with care being taken to get them right *snork* up against the bank or log, and see them started out into mid stream so that they yank along just under the surface and swing downstream at an angle when the current takes them. There are some variations in the motion which is given the streamer by lifting and lowering the rod tip as the retrieve is being made, but they are all aimed at the same thing. Whether this motion is a sort of wiggly crawl, a long draw of two or three feet or something more modest and half-way between the two actions depends upon the angler's fancy at the moment. Sometimes one action seems to work best, sometimes another, and we have taken plenty of trout when the streamer was doing nothing more than coming along slowly and sedately and acting as if it didn't have a care in the world.

While we cannot honestly say that any one method of giving a streamer action is better than another, we usually use the long draw ourselves, but it may be merely a matter of habit, like changing gears on a hill or turning our fishing hat back to front if the going is slower than it should be.

There does seem to be plenty of reason to believe that some patterns of streamers are better than others, however, and the Yellow Tiger, mentioned before in this department, seems to be one of the very best. Before we started using the Yellow Tiger three



Letter boxes along Vermont's test streams, where anglers must deposit a record of their day's fishing effort

U.S. Bureau of Fisheries Photo

years ago we stuck pretty well to a Polar Bear with a Lord Denby mowing a close second. Before that we favored a squirrel-tail and have taken our share of trout on all of them. The Yellow Tiger does seem to be the best all-around pattern we have found, and last year we started using a size 6 where before that a size 8 was a favorite. The size of the fly seems to have something to do with its fish-taking qualities, without a doubt, and even on small streams the six appears to get the most attention.

Any yellow streamer, presumably, may be just as effective as the Yellow Tiger, which has a hurl body, a red tail and shoulders of Jungle Cock, finished off (if you tie it correctly) with a tag of silver snail. The fly is highly visible in the water which is an advantage to the angler because he can follow it easily and see many a fish before the strike.

The Polar Bear streamer has wings of polar bear, which is white with a yellowish tinge. This streamer is tied with two different colored bodies, one red with silver snail ribbing and one orange with the same ribbing. We always preferred the red body but here again it may be nothing but fancy.

The Mickey Finn, about which John Alden Knight wrote in the March issue of this Magazine, and which is now being tied by a number of fly manufacturers is an excellent streamer. Red and white combinations have always been popular colors for lures here, either flies or plugs, but have never been widely used for trout in the United States but there is no question about it that the Mickey Finn is a raker. In fact, the following letter from friend Charlie Sommerson who knows something about flies after some thirty years fishing experience shows that the Mickey Finn will take something beside trout.

*Fishing Editor, Hunting & Fishing*—Cordially enjoyed that Mickey Finn story in March *Hunting & Fishing*. What Professor Knight says about the fish taking ability of this fly is all true. I know where I speak as I run a sporting camp at the mouth of the Tabernash River at New Braunfels and have seen this red and yellow bucktail take not only trout but SALMON when all other flies failed.

My faith in this pattern is not based on a few days only. Checking back over my records I find that I started to use this fly way back in 1928. Until I read the Knight article, I did not realize that when using this fly, with the same good results—but more power to them.

The most interesting experience I had with the Mickey Finn was when a guest featured two coon one morning and said that he had only one day to fish for salmon. He consulted about the problem and most interesting set of flies I've ever seen—and I've seen plenty—and asked me to pick out the one which should take fish. After going that he had no pattern which even closely resembled the Mickey Finn, and having been out early that morning and hooked three fine salmon on this fly, I suggested that he tie a Mickey of some with his top river fly. He wouldn't do it. About two hours later he came back, and said there were no fish in the coon, he hadn't had a single strike. This time I pointed that he try the Mickey Finn. The result was that inside of another two hours he came back with a big wade on his face and three big salmon in the coon. And that was just one experience—Charles Sommerson, Tabernash, New Braunfels.

Some writers claim that trout strike at the head of a streamer and Brown says that such flies should be tied with long wings on a short hook for this reason, but our own experience has convinced us conclusively that the extra-long shank hook is the proper hook for this purpose. Very few trout will strike a streamer short unless it



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is being retrieved directly upstream and even then it won't happen often.

### Crappie and Calicos

Among the spring-run fish which provide the opportunity for some angling exercise before the season for black bass gets underway in the northern sections of the United States are the crappie and the calico bass. These fish are closely related but readily distinguished both by coloration and by the number of spines in the dorsal fin. (The dorsal fin is the large fin on the back of the fish.) The crappie has six of these spines and the calico bass has seven, or sometimes eight. The calico bass, depending somewhat on the water it comes from, is much darker in general coloration than the crappie and is marked with dark, irregular blotches which frequently appear to be almost black. The crappie, on the other hand, is more silvery and free from these body markings.

In sections of the country where the calicos are really numerous they provide good fishing soon after the ice goes out. They work up the creeks from the lakes in large numbers and feed hungrily on minnows and worms baiting their catches heavy enough to feed an entire hungry family are often taken. Small hooks, not larger than Size 8, are best for both crappie and calicos and no long leader is necessary at this time of the year. While many anglers use bobbers, it is better to dispense with this if the fishing is being done with a rod long enough to keep the boat off the bottom and out of the weeds without it. The little buggers strike quickly and the elimination of slack which usually accompanies bobber fishing is an advantage when the action is fast. Use a light rod, reel and line for this spring fishings and it's fun for the whole family.

### Saving Fish

There is no more widespread idea among fishermen, and particularly trout fishermen, than that the proper way to handle a fish which is to be returned to the water is to wet the hands before picking it up. This theory is being questioned more and more by hatchery workers who handle fish a lot and by fishermen themselves who have given it some thought and study.

Theoretically, wetting the hands saves the fish's life by preventing fractures of the slippery skin which covers the body of the fish. Break this film, we have been told, and it gives bacteria a chance to attack the fish and kill it.

That is the theory of it, but countless numbers of small fish are killed by anglers who wet their hands before removing the hook but who, because they did wet their hands, have to grip the fish so hard to hold it that its gills or other parts are injured. Actually it is better to break the body film than to injure the fish in this other way, as has been proven in many hatcheries.

Some anglers brag of never using a net but when it comes to being able to return a fish to the water unharmed a net is almost indispensable. It is an easy matter to pick up a fish in the net and remove the hook without touching the fish at all. If the hook is so deeply embedded that the fish bleeds, it is a dead fish anyway, whether touched with the handle or not. Trout especially are hard to handle without injuring them and every most fisherman should carry a net just for this very reason.

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head... characteristic of  
a type with good taste.



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SCREENLEYS

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## No Fly Hatches

Some trout streams, usually in sections which are well cutward, have few important fly hatches. Many streams never see a May fly hatch, which both here and in England is considered the best hatch of the lot, and not only do these streams see no May flies, but they see very few water-bred flies of any kind.

The reason usually is traceable to the fact that the stream flows through a country-side from which most of the silt has been cut and through which have been built hard-surfaced roads along with drainage ditches which flood the stream during the spring freshets and allow it to come close to drying up entirely during mid-summer. Such a combination is more than the insect life of the stream can stand. Larva which isn't washed away during flood water is burned out during low water, and as a consequence insect life in such streams is negligible.

Streams in Canada, particularly those north of Lake Superior, have heavy fly hatches. Streams in the Catskills of New York state are among some of the most prolific fly-hatch streams in America and they are run a close second by most northern Michigan streams. Streams such as the Au Sable, the Pere Marquette, the Pine and the Boardman in Michigan have every physical quality to promote heavy fly hatches. Their flow remains constant and they flow through country where second-growth timber is abundant. Even on the Au Sable below Muskegon, where every 24 hours through the week the stream flow drops to almost a trickle, this low water period does not, apparently, injure the embryo caddis, May

and other flies which are buried among the stones and sand of the bed, because they are covered again before they have dried out. It is in the streams which shrink to trickles, and stay shrank, and streams which are washed so heavily that every stone in the bottom is turned by the current, which have no chance to grow a crop of trout food which has wings.

## Keeping Worms

One of our western readers wants to know if there is any method of keeping worms for a period of several weeks during the time when it is difficult to dig them because dry weather has driven them too deep to find.

Worms can be kept for months in proper beds. These are usually prepared of moss but professional worm farmers keep the composition of their beds a deep, dark secret. Most of them spend a long time experimenting to find out just what combinations of moss, leaves or other substances are most suitable so no one can blame them for keeping the information to themselves.

It is a simple matter to keep worms healthy for several weeks, at least, by making a bed of moss in a large, flat wooden box. Leaf mould can be added and the worms will feed on this but if it is used they will need scouring before use just as do worms freshly dug out of the earth. Clean moss, free of mould or peat, keeps the worms scoured and they can be fed on commercial with an occasional sprinkling of egg yolk which has been boiled hard and crumbled.

The sensitive worm farmer is very likely to make the mistake of letting the bed go sour. It must be kept damp—but no more than damp, and no water at all must be allowed to soak into the wood or mallow

well soon cause plenty of casualties. The bed should be kept in a woodshed and kept out of the light. Covering with cheap burlap will keep a moss enough even in hot weather and will keep the temperature down also. Coffee grounds can be used for food occasionally, and so can animal, but whatever is fed should be fed very sparingly by sprinkling over the bed.

## Salt Water Angles

### About Salt Water Lines

Turner is one real all-around line for salt water fishing, the cuttyhunk which is made from good lines. It has the lasting quality, the pliability that makes for even spooling and unspooling, and with decent treatment lasts for a surprisingly long time. As a rule it comes in natural white or in green color although one company has the very good idea of getting it out in colors which change every ten yards. Don't try to make do with and use some of your old freshwater line for salt water fishing. It will pay you dividends in the long run to buy a good cuttyhunk for your trips to the briny deep.

The size of cuttyhunk line is generally designated by the number of threads. For example, the lightest cuttyhunk is six thread which simply means that in this size there are six separate threads twisted together. The test of most cuttyhunks now is three pounds to the thread, so that 6 thread may also be designated as 18 lb. test line, 9 thread as 27 pound test, etc. Cuttyhunk sizes increase in multiples of three, from 6 up to 72, although 34 thread is about as heavy as you'll see even for a world's record tuna or marlin.

The size of the line that you want for



that is a different story. There you can go as light as you want—depending of course on the fish you're seeking at the moment. For blues and wakers on light trolling tackle, the 6 and 9 thread will be strong enough. The same sizes are right for small stripers up to fifteen pounds or so. For school runs—the 10 to 40 pounders—we would not recommend much less than 15 thread with 18 to 20 being a better bet. The 15 is a good size for 20 to 30 lb. pollock if you are using a medium boat rod. In all cases the rod has a good deal to do with the size of line as there is a balance between rod and line in salt water fishing—even trolling—just as there is in fly fishing. For example, if you're using light lures—6 to 12 thread—you'll want a fairly limber rod to help absorb the shock of sudden hard strikes or twists.

If you are going offshore for some of those giant bluefish that have been holding the knighthood of late years all along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Nova Scotia, you'll want to go no finer than the 24 thread size—and that only for the hundred pounders. Where you're trolling a mackerel, fresh squid or charranin and using lures for bait for those big blue torpedoes which run from 300 pounds and up, we'd not trust anything less than 39 thread with the 54 thread for beginners who may be apt to hold 'em tight.

As to length of line for blues, stripers and wakers, we'd set an absolute maximum of 200 yards—this whether you use 6, 9, 12, 15 or 18 thread for your surf casting junks. We've seen strippers of around forty pounds pick up a bait at the end of an eighty yard cast and go for another hundred before they could be turned, and under such circum-

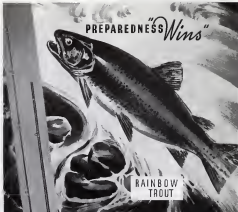


The guide exhibits the Nova Scotia charranin while the angler pumps a tuna.

stances the balance of 20 yards of line left on your reel spool seems little enough. For tuna fishing for those leviathans, you'll want to fill your 10/0 or 12/0 reel right up until you have only a comfortable margin left between the cross bare and the line. We had one tuna hit one of our outriggers a couple of years ago and take so much of 500 yards of line from our reel that the spool was no bigger around than your thumb when the fish slacked off. Plenty of line is a good rule.

#### NEXT MONTH

Be sure to see this Department next month when Bertram Forrest will give you more helpful fishing tips.



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TROUT

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1. \$500 (the grand prize) will be awarded for the best completed sentence received from May 10 to August, 1995, and \$100 will be awarded each month for the best completions received during May, June, July and August, 1995. There is \$100 in prizes for teachers who:

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6. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries become property of U. S. Lane Co., to use as they see fit.

3. Entries for May, June, July and August postmarked up to inclusive of the last day of each month respectively will be accepted in

each month, respectively will be included in that month's contest. All entries postmarked up to midnight August 31 will count in the grand contest.

6. Simple, first statements regarding the fact belt wearing law will cause more than heavy entries.

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Fabrica . . . Write for Free Descriptive Brochure of Hodge

Sporting Specialties

## INTRODUCING FISHLO

(Continued from page 25)

The authorized rules of the fly casting events are briefer than a description of them. They follow:

\***RULES**—Rod, line, reel, leader and fly of standard manufacture, leader and fly were stocked, but same outfit must be used throughout all events. No allowance is to be made for time out on account of broken leader or lost fly.

\*TARGETS—Five thirty-inch, or twenty-eight-inch, rings at unknown distances, placed between twenty and forty feet from platform.

**\*FIRST ROUND—DRY FLY CASTING—**Not more than three casts at each target position, beginning with target at left. Only perfect casts landing in or on ring are to score—five points on first cast, three points on second cast, and one on third cast. One score only on each target and fly must float to score. Touch on water in extending, raising, or sinking fly, causes a cast, but does not score.

**\*SECOND ROUND—WET FLY CASTING**  
—For one and one-half minutes in common at rings as in Dry Fly. Perfect casts score three points each. Contestant sits at each ring until it is started before proceeding to next until all five rings have been scored, then contestants again at the first ring and continues until time is called.

**THIRD SOUND—ROLL OR SWITCH CASTING**—In same order as west fly for one and one-half minutes, each perfect cast to score two points. Total points to win.

"EQUIPMENT"—Any fly with hook cut off is permissible."

An interesting feature of Pub-Or, which is left to local clubs or to the local or individual management of a fishing layout, is the manner of hazards. Although not specified in the regulations, hazards of any character may be used. For example, a hazard to simulate grass or lily pads found in actual fishing conditions, may be used. Another possible hazard is one simulating actual bank or shore conditions. Another might be one simulating a submerged log or one lying over which entrails would have to cast. It is suggested that while no difficult hazards might slow down or complicate the game, a reasonable number of them would add interest to the contest, just as hazards add to the popularity of golf.

Another Fish-O feature, left as the discretion of local or club authorities, is the matter of whether the targets should be silent or produce sound when struck with a perfect cast, particularly in the last casting event. Some of the organizers of Fish-O were enthusiastic in a belief that sounding targets would add immeasurably to the interest of the game. They felt that the psychological effect of sound when a target was struck, with a perfect last cast would be much the same as when a bull's eye is made in rifle target practice.

This might be accomplished, it was suggested, by the addition of aerial cameras or coverings for the target rings. Final decision, however, was also left entirely to the local or club authorities. It was even suggested that small rubber balloons might be anchored in the middle of the rings so as to explode at a perfect last cast, thereby adding color as well as interest to the particular layout. Of course, Fuh-O may be played either out of doors or indoors, thus permitting participation in any kind of weather.

It is expected that handicaps will be arranged as is done in street or golf, in order to give an equal and make for the convenience





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## Sunspot spoon

• Everyone knows ordinary spoons make good lures. Two real features make this one vastly better, for Sunspot has color, and what's more is brightly visible from directly below, where a solid spoon would be only a shadow. Colored material, transparent and unbreakable, is combined with a metal spoon having windows through which light can shine. Needless to say, Sunspot gets the fish—especially the big ones that are deeper in the water.

Combinations available: 24K gold plated with red windows; chromium plated with red, yellow or white windows. Size, 2 1/2 in.

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we drew them to the very mouth of the creek, only to have them break when they saw us, and go downstream together in the deep, swift water. At last, however, they began to tire, and we drew them gradually into the mouth of the stream. Then I hurried my rod to Uncle John, and, making a wide circle, approached from below them. What a commotion when they saw me! Luckily they were going in the right direction now, so with Uncle John holding a tight line, and me urging them on from behind, we soon had them on dry land. We were amazed at the size of the big fellow he had hooked.

"See, that fellow'll take the prize," he remarked, proudly, as he held him up to admire him.

"He's enough for anyone for one day," I agreed, wholeheartedly. "But now we had better get home, fill you up with innocent or whiskey. That water's too cold to go swimming in."

"I'll go with you on one condition," Uncle John remarked.

"Name it," I said, wondering what was coming next.

"Let me go into the house ahead of you and hide the innocent bottle," he replied, and I agreed.

It was a month before I saw Uncle John and Aunt Myra again. The first thing I thought of was his new fishing outfit, for he had written me that his fish had won the first prize in the contest. Aunt Myra was gathering the eggs when I mentioned the matter of the prize to Uncle John, and expressed a desire to see the new outfit which he was going to buy with the prize money. He seemed oddly embarrassed.

"You know, Son, you've always tried to make a good sportsman out of me," he began. I nodded, puzzled at his attitude.

"You taught me to say 'rod' instead of 'pole,' to use a fly instead of worms."

"Again I nodded.

"Well," he continued, meditatively, "I just got to thinking it wasn't very sportsman-like to have my Aunt Myra heading over an old workbench just so I could have a lot of new sporting equipment, so I just bought her this with my prize money." He led the way to their little bandery, and proudly pointed at a brand new gasoline-powered washing machine. "You see, we'll save her a lot of work," he concluded.

I gazed at my Uncle with a new feeling of respect for him. No one knew better than I what a sacrifice he had made when he gave up the new equipment he had planned on buying.

"Uncle John," I said solemnly, "you're a full-fledged, first class sportsman, if there ever was one."

He looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"No, Son, I'm just a second class sportsman. Your Aunt is the first class one. Look here," and he drew back the curtain which hung over the door of the little closet in the corner of the room. There hung new waders, rod, reel, and various other articles I had heard him wish for.

"But where did all those things come from?" I inquired, amazed.

Uncle John grinned contentedly. "You see, when I bought the washer for your Aunt with my prize money, she bought this stuff for me with some of her butter and egg money," he answered. "That's why I call her a first class sportsman."



## HERE'S PROOF-CREEK CHUB LURES CATCH MORE FISH!

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Takes 10 yds. of line. 10 yds. of line. 10 yds. of line.

Now—the Utica Automatic Reel is better than ever. Famous as one of the finest automatics, it is now improved, making it the outstanding automatic of today. New easy unspooling—new silent winding—new line guard. Designed to fit any reel seat. Holds rod in perfect balance... avoids rolling of rod in hand. If you're a real fisherman—don't go another year without a Utica Automatic.

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Send me your Utica Reel's brochure on fishing. I enclose \$1.00 to cover postage.

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WITH AN EVER increasing number of sportsmen, outboard motors have ceased to be items of luxury or conditional equipment. They have not only become indispensable to fishermen, hunters and campers who travel water-ways close to civilization but have also become "musts" in the outfit of deep-woods sportsmen and guides who penetrate the fastnesses of the north, far from the conveniences of service stations, boat livers and gasoline pumps. This may sound like a paradox to the uninitiated, and hence to the hyper-sensitve outdoorsman who likes to envision himself as an aboriginal Indian gliding down the moon path of a placid lake as his birch bark canoe, with only a paddle for motive power. As regards the latter, it is not our intention to disillusion any budding Hiawathas, but it will be found that with woodmen, trappers and rangers—men with whom the woods is a workshop and not a playground—the outboard motor has long replaced the paddle, and that if you could locate the great, great grandfather of Langellow's famous hero, you'd probably find him plying the "shining big sea water" with an outboard clamped to his canvas-covered canoe. With the great reduction in motor weights, and the increased mileage per gallon of fuel and dependability of operation developed in recent years, it doesn't take much figuring to work out a "pounds of motor and fuel" to "labor accomplished" ratio which proves the outboard literally worth its weight in gold on a wilderness trip. Whether it's putting the miles behind against head winds and heavy seas, or towing one or more empty or fully loaded canoes or boats, the outboard-powered craft does the job reliably and efficiently.

If the outboard motor has become indispensable to men with whom wilderness travel is a vocation, it is certainly even more of a requisite with sportsmen who go into the woods for a vacation. Of necessity, the majority of these vacation trips are limited as far as time is concerned, but whether it's for two weeks or two months, the motor will more than prove its worth in a dozen different ways. On a long trip, where equipment and supplies add up to considerable poundage, you'll find that even the smallest motor will double or even triple paddling speeds and the extra portage loads which motor and fuel necessitate will more than be offset by time and effort saved while on the water. On the short trip, where it is desirable to get as far back into the bush as possible in a limited length of time, the outboard motor will allow you to do just that. You'll be able to cover in a couple of weeks the territory that it would take a month to navigate by paddle, or you can work your way into some back woods camp and have ample time to fish and explore once you get there in contrast to spending all your time "on the go" if you paddle to reach your objective. A typical example is the situation presented by an Indiana doctor who writes in part: "Each year my partner and I

## BACKWOODS WORK with an OUTBOARD

"I have at present a 14 horse power motor which is in good condition with about 20 hours use on it. The canoe which we use is a 'grade model' eighteen-footer built on quite narrow lines. My partner and myself have a total weight of about 350 pounds and our packs at the start weigh about 400 pounds, making a total of 750 pounds. The canoe weighs between 70 and 80 pounds although on some of the portages I believe it hits 200. As you know, in crossing country like this we must carry all our supplies along so weight is an important consideration."

Our correspondent goes on to inquire what mileage could be safely planned with this outfit under ideal conditions, what would be the most economical speed to run the motor in order to conserve fuel. Also what size bracket to use and how much weight it weighs and what spare parts should be taken along.

In analyzing this problem, we feel it would be safe to estimate that, with a 14 horse power motor on an eighteen-foot grade's model canoe loaded with 800 pounds, an average speed of about four miles an hour could be comfortably maintained at a fuel consumption of about 25 miles to the gallon. These are minimum figures, as they should be when planning a trip of this kind. As we see it there are two alternatives open to these sportsmen: Either they may run their motor the entire time and pack along sufficient fuel to do so, or they may use the motor to get back into some particular section they wish to cruise and explore, cache it along with enough gasoline for the return trip, and continue on by paddle. Inasmuch as the sportsmen in question have taken previous trips of three or four weeks duration into the Quetico Park region we can naturally assume that they are relatively familiar with the country and have a pretty definite idea of just where they want to head for this year. Therefore, it should be comparatively simple for them to plan an itinerary which would enable them to get the most efficient labor and time saving service from their motor.

If, for instance, they plan to employ the motor as their sole means of locomotion for the entire two weeks it is obvious that more fuel will be needed than if they merely used it to reach a certain objective, or secondary starting point, from whence they will continue on by paddle. Figuring on two weeks continuous usage of the motor we'll assume that exclusive of portaging they won't spend more than six actual hours per day tramping on the water. Of course, if they are really out to take a thingy trip and cover as much territory as possible they will probably spend



Quetico Park Photo

## BOATING By Hugh Grey

# HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?



1 Well, here, that's a problem—unless you've got a Sea-Horse. If you've got a Sea-Horse, you simply reverse, back out of the water as you please. And ONLY JOHNSON HAS REVERSE! Here's how it works:



2 Just start your motor. The Safety Pull (shown) does the trick. The Sea-Horse (shown) reverses, back out of the water and THINGS GET DONE. One reverse.



3 Now just turn the steering handle (shown) and hold it. Steer as you like. No shifting. Turn any way you wish. You're in. Get out. Steer!



4 Feel that sweet-tasting flow of power? That's Alternating Fire, perfected by Johnson. Top power, freedom of direction—perfect smoothness!



5 Now you're in—WITH the motor behind you! Steer as you like. No shifting. Turn any way you wish. You're in. Get out. Steer!

THERE are 19 great Sea-Horses for '39. Your Johnson dealer will help you choose the prop-size. You'll find his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory. See the new Muscle Motor—a lantern weight, alternate firing TWIN, developing 2.5 h.p.,\* possessing all Johnson's famous features and priced at only \$79.50 (f.o.b. factory). Also see the 3.6 h.p.\* alternate firing twin at \$109.50 (f.o.b. factory)—the popular motor that continues to smash sales records!

ONLY JOHNSON HAS "ALL THREE"  
(1) Perfected Alternating Firing; (2) Built-in Underwater Exhaust; (3) 360° Steering with REVERSE.  
Ask to see the rugged, lantern weight Johnson Single that delivers real outboard power and that is priced f.o.b. factory, only **\$49.50**

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Clip this blank now and save it for the day that Big One smashes into your lure!

## Certificate of Entry — NATIONAL SPORTSMAN and HUNTING & FISHING \$3,000 Prize Fishing Contest for 1939 Now Open

National Sportsman, Inc., 278 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Where Caught: \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Catch: \_\_\_\_\_

Kind of Fish: \_\_\_\_\_ When Caught: \_\_\_\_\_

Measure in: \_\_\_\_\_

Weight: \_\_\_\_\_ Length: \_\_\_\_\_ Girth (at fish's largest circumference): \_\_\_\_\_

Important: Give name of manufacturer of the fishing tackle used in landing your fish.

Make and specifications of rod: \_\_\_\_\_

Make and type of reel: \_\_\_\_\_

Make and type of line: \_\_\_\_\_

Name, make, and type of fly or bait: \_\_\_\_\_

Name, make, and type of plug or lure: \_\_\_\_\_

Bait used, if bait (Salt-Water Division only): \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby swear that I, the undersigned, caught the fish above described on the tackle above listed, in compliance with fish and game laws, and Rules and Regulations of this contest, which I have read carefully, and that all statements pertaining to the catching of the fish are true.

Signed (your name in full): \_\_\_\_\_

Print Last Name and Initials Here

Street and Number: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Your Sporting Goods Dealer's Name and Address: \_\_\_\_\_

### Witnesses

We, the undersigned, witnessed the weighing and measuring of the fish above described, and hereby verify all above statements:

In Witness: signature and address: \_\_\_\_\_

2nd Witness: signature and address: \_\_\_\_\_

Attested by: (1) Sporting Goods Dealer \_\_\_\_\_

or \_\_\_\_\_

Sworn to before me: (1) Notary Public \_\_\_\_\_

Note: If only one witness was available at the time the fish was caught, so state, and the judges will consider the entry.

This certificate will be void unless mailed within one month after the fish was caught.

ET-501





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*to fish*  
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## KINGDOM of the SPECKLED TROUT

NORTH-THIRDS of all the Province of Quebec—an area of over 300,000 square miles—is that wilderness we call the Laurentians. An area large enough, by the way, to hold six New York States or more than two Californias, and tucked away in this immense solitude are wooded empires with countless hills and mountains through which course sparkling clear, cold streams teeming with square-tailed beauties.

Look down from an airplane and you find—not mountains and valleys—but mountains and lakes, hundreds and hundreds of which have yet to feel the gentle touch of an artificial life. I fished one of these for sixty minutes one first of July. A tiny little lake with perhaps an acre of water surface that yielded 150 speckled trout to two rods in exactly one hour... by the clock.

We were two and rich using a cast with three flies—a Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor and Dark Montreal. With every cast the water boiled and three at a time were not uncommon. Lac Maxime was the little lake just seventeen miles south of La Tuque. You crossed the St. Maurice—mighty logging river on earth—climbed for three and a half miles and on a high plateau was the lake with the most fish of all my experience.

Ros River by the St. Maurice Valley was called by Charlie de Volpi, a prominent Montreal angling enthusiast, "about as close as one could ever get to what is truthfully described as God's Country." In September of 1938 he and Al Hergren landed 37 healthy fighting trout from the wharf at Cataraugus Lake—in the famous St. Maurice Valley—using a single Dark Montreal Fly. On this trip the boys picked up a three and a half pound square-tailed fellow while trolling with a No. 4 Davis Spinner and a Red Hot Fly.

Follow these waters up-current until you come to the rugged Matawin and you enter the Saint-Michel des Sautes area, a region famed the world over for its Salvelinus Fontinalis. It is in this section that I have had my greatest trout fishing.

"Imagine if you can, a section say ten miles square with possibly twenty-five lakes and every one with trout in them." "Rave on big fellow, rave on." That was just about the usual conversation as I entailed the virtues of a really great and unusual angling paradise.

## TRAVEL Department

The Province of Quebec offers some of the finest of trout fishing—plenty of 'em and of good size as shown by the catch at the left.

Yet I know a lake in that Saint-Michel area where you can pick up sixty, more to twelve inch fellows in a day's fishing when they're coming good, and within forty minutes by portage I know another lake where you can get twenty-five in an hour—when they really get hungry—and ten of them twenty-five will weigh two and a half pounds or better with a couple pulling the scales down to three and a half pounds of the lightest square tails you ever hooked.

Within the hour you can be taken to another lake where I personally pulled out forty-two trout averaging two pounds—from daylight to about nine o'clock—and a half a dozen of them rabbed four pounds.

There's a hoodoo lake—as far as I'm concerned—about a fifteen minute hike from this beautiful Lac L'Isle (There are a hundred Lac L'Isles in Northern Quebec) where I know of seventeen trout weighing over five pounds that have been taken. As a matter of fact just last summer one of the guides sent a 27 inch fellow down to a friend of mine. He measured it, but postponed the weighing until he got home only to find his prized specimen (which he was going to have mounted) giving the title is useless.

Why, I do not know, but as far as I am concerned I haven't taken a single fish from this water. Every one of these big fellows was taken with a baited spoon or a troll.

In that prolific Saint-Michel des Sautes you can pack your waters. That is, lots of acres—and small trout; less action—larger trout, less of work and maybe a blank; but if you click—big fellows.

It was in this same part of the Laurentians about thirty miles south and nearer Montreal that 16 year old Bill Flook of New York City experienced the thrill of landing a seven and three quarter pound speckled trout in 1937. The fish was taken from the Lac-Saucoeur waters of the La Barriere Fish and Game Club by the big angler. It was 24 inches in length and 17 1/2 inches in girth.

Some of the finest stream fishing in the entire Province is to be found in the Laurentian National Park at an altitude of from 1,200 to 3,400 feet, where one is able to secure the phenomenon of good fly fishing right through the summer months. The reason being, the entire absence of manure and other fish in these waters, compelling the trout to feed upon insect life.

It is an almost unbelievable fact that in this immense area of 4,000 square miles, divided and redivided from boundary to boundary by growing rivers and countless streams, nearly one-third have never been fished—even with a fly. And a motor road leads right through the heart of it.

Ernest E. Shepard.



## POUND FOR POUND, THE GAMEST OF THEM ALL



If you like your fishing country wild, come to Québec! Here, in some of the most beautiful country in the world, are inland waters not yet even mapped! And here are cormorants, brook trout, salmon trout and the big-mouthed black bass—generally conceded to be, pound for pound, the gamest and best fighters!

Spend this fishing trip in Québec! Guides are skilled, reliable, and know where the big ones are. Accommodations range from simple camp to luxurious lodge. Transportation is by plane, train, or motor. Fishing all year round. You'll come back a new man—and a better fisherman! Mail the coupon now.

## LA PROVINCE DE QUÉBEC

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**FREE**—New Scalp and Hair Booklet. Write Glover's, Dept. 5, 468 South Ave., New York

**GLOVER'S MANGLE MEDICINE**

## YOUTH & WILDLIFE

By

Phil Gootenberg

### HONOR

The honor of the month goes to the Woundedye Field and Stream Association of Woundedye and Midland Park N. J. for the following reason.

Only three years ago I set up a list of accomplishments for them to fulfill. Not only did this group complete these obligations to restoration but they did far more than was ever anticipated.

Starting out from scratch this group achieved in three years more than 6,000 acres of formerly closed hunting and fishing areas, both dunes in streams which had been left unattended over a period of years, had the lands and waters stocked with game and trout and built up a Junior sportsman group which will care for hundreds of boys and girls in the community.

They have taken in as instructors two of my former pupils, Miss Marian Vanderbaugh and her admirable paralytic victim sister, Miss Florence, who by the way is one of the finest fly tiers in this section of the country. Classes will begin soon and from this group will spring the finest kind of educational sportsmanship.

Each year this group stocks hundreds of rabbits and pheasants, plants food patch areas in considerable number of acres, treats hundreds of fenders to save starving game and birds. Not the least of their accomplishments is that they act as an inspiration to the surrounding countryside by their display of true American sportsmanship.

### HATS OFF TO NO. DAKOTA

From time to time we have tried to make plain the feeling we have had concerning the student education in our nation's schools. We felt and have always contended that adults could be interested in conservation even though they didn't fish or hunt. Many to whom we have spoken have looked with pity on our remarks. We knew that they thought we were just on the borderline of institutional colonization.

However, just recently we received a most encouraging letter from A. F. Whitney, secretary to Kremer O. H. Johnson of the North Dakota Department of Fish and Game, who said, "We have at hand your communication of the 3rd and have read with a great deal of interest your plans for the publication of a 'Youth and Wildlife' book for use in the public schools of our nation."

"In South Dakota we have found Youth organizations a most fertile field, and the work that is being done by boys and girls in our state is of great value, not only in material accomplishments but particularly in the spreading of the necessity of conservation."



## A Weather VANE



A Weather Vane, on your house, garage or flag pole is very useful as well as ornamental. Our ball bearing weather vanes are made of aluminum and brass and will not rust.

Built strongly to withstand heavy winds. Made in several styles and prices as listed below.

Style	Model	Height	Price	Length
Arcon	A-1	12"	\$ 3.00	18"
Arcon	A-3	22"	3.50	24"
Arcon	A-5	28"	50.00	36"
Howe	H-1	16"	3.50	24"
Howe	H-3	16"	3.50	24"
Howe	H-5	16"	3.50	24"
Howe	H-7	16"	3.50	24"
Howe	H-9	16"	3.50	24"
Howe	H-11	16"	3.50	24"
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Above: The Leitz rangefinder.

Right: The Eastman pocket rangefinder. Note simplicity of use. The left view, range not properly determined. Right view, split image matches. Range only then be read from the dial.

## LENSES and RANGE FINDERS

AS PREVIOUSLY stated, if the camera enthusiast is to have but one lens on his camera, it had best be a fixed focus type, either E35 or E25. Higher speed lenses than this are frequently desirable for particular purposes but should always be considered as auxiliary equipment.

Why the ultra-high speed lenses? Chiefly because 8mm movie film is comparatively slow if you match it against some of the ultra-speed films available for miniature cameras. Most of these miniature cameras take a picture at least one inch deep and usually slightly wider. To enlarge to 8 x 10 size requires enlargement of only eight diameters. In 8mm movie film in projection on a standard 35 x 40 inch screen the film is enlarged to about 330 diameters. Such a tiny range if made on some of the ultra-high speed films available would be so gray under that tremendous magnification that it would be useless.

You may find this table useful:  
For riding camera lenses, an f4.5 lens has the same speed whether it be a tiny 8mm/f4.5 lens or a big lens of the same speed rating for 5 x 7 Giffens. Accordingly, lens speeds can be compared as follows: Beginning with E32 each succeeding stop will be equivalent to twice the speed of light passing through it. E32, E22, E16, E11, E8, E5.6, E4, E2.8, E2, and E1.4. In other words, E1.4 would be twice as fast as an E2 which in turn would be twice as fast as an E2.8, or, E1.4 would therefore be four times as fast as an E2.8 and eight times as fast as E4.

Regarding the speed of film:  
Kodachrome in any size of roll film from 8mm through to miniature camera sizes has a daylight rating under the Weston system of 8 or the same as their standard Panchromatic film. The new Agfa Super Pan Press roll film has a rating of 100 to him the new Eastman Triplet X Pan.

In other words, this high speed miniature camera film is something like twelve times as fast and therefore a slower lens opening can be used with the same film illumination. Since you cannot get the fast film for the 8mm camera, you have to compensate for this by using a fast lens.

For closeup work where sharpness of detail is desired, a focusing mount lens is necessary. Most of the higher speed movie camera lenses are focusing mount types. Ex-

# HOME MOVIES By Philip B. Sharpe



trreme care must be taken to see that they are reasonably well focused for the particular range in question. Otherwise, unsatisfactory detail in the picture will result.

One focusing lens for one of my movie cameras is before me as I write. This is an f1.9 lens with stops of E7, E4, E5.6, E8, E11, and E16. Focusing scales show markings indicating a range of 1 foot, 2 feet, 3 feet, 4 feet, 6 feet, 8 feet, 12, 25, and infinity.

Since this is a short focus lens—all standard focus lenses have a focal length of approximately 1/2" (13mm)—the depth of focus is far greater than in lenses designed for the average miniature camera having a focal length of approximately 3 inches up. This depth of focus problem is of major importance as it controls the results that you get where you do not estimate range with extreme accuracy.

Depth of focus is a term used to indicate the area or distance—near to far—over which a lens will render sharp definition. Theoretically, there is only one exact point that is absolutely sharp, but for practical purposes we have a certain area in the subject matter which is reasonably sharp. The depth of this focus increases as the size of the aperture of the lens or the focal length increases.

Short focus lenses, of course, have greater depth. It is the low of apertures that all lenses having the same speed and focal length shall have the same depth of focus.

With this f1.9 lens wide open at a distance of two feet, sharp definition is obtained at ranges from 1.1 to 2.2 feet. If that lens is stopped down to f8, reasonably sharp focus is obtained at ranges of 1.6 to 3.2 feet at the same two-foot setting.

When set at 10 feet with the lens wide open, the depth of focus ranges from 6.11 to 18.0 feet and if stopped down to f8 the image will be sharp from 3.5 feet to infinity, in other words, at all ranges from 3 1/2 feet. The same lens when set on 25 feet is sharp at all ranges from 11.0 feet to infinity when wide open and if set at 50 feet or infinity is sharp at all ranges from about 6 feet on. If stopped down to f8 and set at 25 feet, it would be sharp from 4.7 feet to infinity.

It will thus be seen that for average work, the fixed focus type lens is more desirable. Telephoto lenses are also to be classed as auxiliary and should never be used except



# CAMPING

by Voyageur



We've got to meet the sportsman who doesn't desire a permanent camp of his own

Illustration by Phil

## SHELTERS and SUCH

There are a number of camping odds and ends that simply refuse to fit into the orderly progress of events. As an example, if an expert on tents takes ten thousand words to discuss models and their usage and then gets caught out in the woods some dark and stormy night without shelter, well, he's in the same fix as the non-expert. Some years ago K and I were walk-hunting our way into a deer camp with our plunder waiting us via team and buckboard. The wagon driver lost his road; we lost our bearings and when their spaced rifle shots graded to toward the shack along about ten o'clock that night we had a pretty good shelter arranged and the night wouldn't have been unbearable regardless of our lack of blankets.

It can happen on the best regulated camping trips. For instance, if a man gets lost at late afternoon it's preferable to den up at darkness rather than blunder on. A shelter regardless of its simplicity is better than no shelter at all.

We've got a natural instinct in preparing night camp—warns the neighborhood kids digging ovens in vacant city lots or constructing house wares ropes beside the town creek. It comes natural to them and their planning is sound. However in the woods you can generally improve on the house wares affair but the oven is pretty hard to beat. We've all seen pictures of the lean-to or half wedge shelter constructed simply by slanting cut boughs against a head high improvised ridge pole. It's the poorest attempt of several possible. Spruce—hemlock and cedar are used to form the rough thatch roof. Of the three, cedar is the best but rain will certainly get through them all. If you have one a stand of dense, close growing hemlock, eight to ten inches in diameter you can peel back much as you do with birch, lay slabs outside the lean-to frame work thereby producing a reasonably weather tight shelter. It's not a bad makeshift if circumstances place the hemlock stand at your disposal and you're in country where the waste is warranted. Randomly as identification, hemlock has the willow fern-like evergreen foliage—cedar, the flat green leaf—spruce is the standard Christmas tree.

### Cedar Lean-to

In the absence of rain a cedar lean-to does pretty well if constructed on a slope out of the wind so that fire heat can be directed. Of course it's merely a cubby, a spot to crawl into and

keep warm until time to travel on. It's a good plan to fill the floor space with cut boughs barked against a log placed to serve as a back rest. Then rather than stretch full out, take your rest as you would in an easy chair. Once a while—then tend fire—then sleep. Cut napping incidentally isn't unuseful. Army men on continual guard duty have found that brief occasional slumber between periods of standing post is no hardship.

If the forest camper gets in a real tough spot however, he's wise to follow the action of the vacant lot cave digger. A cleft in a rocky bank or a natural depression in a sandy one is the thing to look for in the event of heavy blowing rain or snow. In flat country this most often means heading for a stream.

An extremely small cubby with a fire out front will keep a man dry and keeping dry is the most important consideration. More important than sleep. But don't choose a leaning tree as the basis of an emergency camp when in a rain. It may be dry for an hour or so but after that it's almost worse than the wide open space. A rock ledge out of the wind on the other hand can often be comfortable by the addition of a few bark slabs or a thirk of the flat-leaved cedar. Lay in a good supply of wood before dark—obvious.

### Pack Suggestions

Here's another camper's pain that wouldn't occur in the orderly outfit but does. And I'm thinking of it because I recently recommended a northwestern type pack for a chap who wished to economize and desired a general service pack. The northwestern is a general carryall and used extensively. You can pack everything from cement to shredded wheat in the ample carrying space. But it has the disadvantage of not being divided into compartments. For the exclusive on foot hiker it's a poor compromise. If unforced to carry the cook outfit, equip it with a separate light weight canvas bag. Otherwise the black from the cooking pot will in time smear all other plunder. Really the cook outfit bag is a worthy addition to any outfit regardless of separate pack compartments.

### Auto Outfit

Auto campers in volume get out on week end trips earlier than any other group. With modern car trunk space the entire outfit can be stowed without cluttering up the car—hence you can al-

ways be ready to go on a moment's notice. If you are fortunate enough to own one of these normal autos equipped with a bed to be made up on the rear seats, you're fixed. If not, the average outfit reads something like this:

Our week-end tent with floor cloth and awning extension (the best investment)

Two folding cots

One folding table

One folding gasoline stove with folding legs

A nipped cork for in a case

With such an outfit you can fold yourself in behind the wheel and head out for a trout stream anytime.

## Camp Talks on Odds and Ends

—If you keep forgetting (as I do), now's the time to add a small whetstone to the pack.

—A small flashlight and a folding candle lantern plus three or four candles makes the best combination for illumination.

—Stuck up on bug dope. Wear clothes that cover all but hands and face. Gloves and a head net complete protection.

—The first act of preparing a meal is too often slapping a blob of grease in the fry pan. Try broiling fish and meat every other time you reach for the grease bucket.

—Sandpaper your paddle blades. Trim off the broomed out tips.

—Don't dry leather too close to the flame.

—Take your time with the broiling fire

—let the coals get down to a smoldering red. Use hardwood—not the evergreens.

—Blast to hell all drinking water and you're a long way into virgin country.

—Put ferns out with water. Only exceptions the desert. Cover with sand.

## Water and Ice Chest

General equipment for the auto camper (cook outfit, sleeping, etc.) follows the standard pattern, although more leeway is allowable on weight and bulk than almost any other method of travel. But drinking water can be a problem. I think you can buy a combination ice box, water can outfit but I had mine made. It's a light weight insulated box twenty-eight inches long, fourteen wide, eighteen high. One end contains a four gallon water can with spigot. The rest of it is an ice chest with a corner sink drain plug. The lid of this box opens with one cast steel sheet bolt and is equipped with web handles. If you travel with ice in it the drain spigot remains closed. In camp (it generally remains permanently in the rear trunk) the end of the box containing drain is hoisted far enough out of the trunk so the open ice drain drops on the ground. On some trips we've never used this gadget but on others it's been a joy.

There are always trips that stand out in memory above all others. It may be Quebec—British Columbia—Washington, O. P. and explored the southern shore of Lake Superior one year. It was our best year. We got stuck in the sand a hundred and four times. But we always got out. I'll never forget the "coasters" in the mouth of the Two Hearted River when the south wind blew a gale. And chum beside a driftwood fire with the Coast Guard look.

Don't think you can't find the far back spots via auto if you try. To be breasted, that's true of anything.

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## No Cost Pack Basket

Here's a safe, economical, comfort trust that you may know about. When you purchase your grub, select an empty cardboard carton in the grocery store aisle, one that will just fit inside your northwestern type pack sack. Place your food in the carton and you have all the advantages of the woven packbasket in that the cardboard serves as padding for the can of beans that will insist on working themselves and grating your spinal column. Best part is that as your stock diminishes the carton may be cut down to size or thrown away.



"Okay, sure, it's a bit less, but now I'll tell you how we're supposed to climb a fence with a gun?"

## Order in Camp

Order, or camp discipline, is no chore. It should succeed be a matter of pride. Aside from that, order in camp increases the general efficiency of cook, tent-pitcher and wood-chopper, not to mention heightening the esprit de corps of the entire expedition.

Lay out your cooking tools, neatly arranged, where you can reach everything from a kneeling position at the fire. When the tent is pitched, lay out the blankets at once, rolling them forward, away from the door, so that they won't be messed when anyone comes in or out, and so that at night they may be rolled down quickly for use.

Always wash the dishes at once after a meal. Let the cook hang his kumle of water to heat before serving the meal.

Always dispose of refuse by burying it, or placing it far enough from camp so it will never be revealed to the eye or the nostrils, and so that no flies will gather.

If you walked into a camp and found dirty dishes, a heap of crumpled blankets, and a litter of tin cans, you would mark that outfit's personnel as a bunch of slop-pots, and you'd very likely be right.

The cooking can be done with immunity on a sand beach, if the cook is careful, and if his friends resist the temptation of looking too close to the fire. Sand benches, aside from being beautiful and serene, are clean-looking, and nice to sit on from the morning, and present a minimum fire hazard.





Phil Sharpe is mighty busy these days answering hundreds of letters from Hunting & Fishing readers

# ARMS and Ammunition

## MANY THANKS

**M**ANY THANKS for your excellent letters of suggestion as to what you want in your firearms department. We asked you about this some three months ago and since that time have been flooded with letters varying from two or three paragraphs to eight pages long.

Each day three or four strangers would stumble up to our office door carrying the well-worn and bedraggled postman. After he dumped the most of his load on our desk or on the middle of the floor and enjoyed a brief rest, he was ready to carry on with the remainder of his message. Then our troubles began.

We promised you we would read every letter coming in and we did that! Sorry it was impossible to acknowledge the vast majority of these but we so stand when requesting your comments.

Practically every subject of interest to hunters enthusiasts ranging from plinking guns around the farm to the biggest of big game rifles and from requests for simple data up to the most technical were included in the suggestions. We anticipated all this and just wanted to be sure what you wanted. Accordingly, our department will be framed in an effort to satisfy the majority of our good friends.

Hundreds of those letters are worth publishing. They contain excellent ideas and many of them a great deal of information. But to publish them all would require several volumes.

One of these contained some ideas worth passing along and we are doing just this. Any reader who cares to comment on either side of any of the many questions involved is welcome to do so. We'll be glad to listen to it.

Excerpts from this very lengthy epistle, covering some eight huge pages of carefully written long-



Miss Marjorie Bates, Oregon's "Ideal Girl of 1938" captures the University of Oregon's Girl Rifle Team

hand, sums up the wrongs of hundreds of our readers. They run contrary to those of many others. What do you think of them?

This chap living in Union City, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the excellent deer region, is unknown to your firearms editor, although his surrounding country and hunting territory is quite familiar. Thus, he suggested, was his sudden attempt at the "letters-to-the-editor" art. He wrote:

"Dear Editor: It has long been my pet peeve that gun editors as a group were thinking in terms of high class and usually at high priced targets and match guns or in terms of Kodak bear, grouse, and clay-pigeon killing rifles. My conviction is that an unfairly small share of the magazine reading sportsmen have ever had the opportunity to hunt in Alaska, Canada, or Africa. In the other group, I'd estimate that 95% of all sportsmen will never see game of the type mentioned except in books.

"A sportsman reads an ocean of fine material about the proper traps, the right spot to lay the ideal snare, the correct equipment, the approved load to use for hunting moose or elephant and the next morning has himself out to get a woodchuck, a prairie dog, or a squirrel. . . .

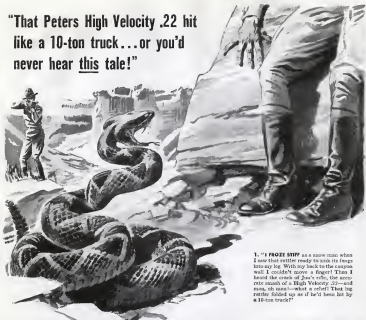
"True, some people like to read of the joys they will never experience themselves. However, a venture in a far off land does not appeal to everyone, particularly those who realize there is good material at home. Personally, I would love to read a darned good tale of hunting in Pennsylvania that all of the elephant hunting stories in the whole universe. Don't get me wrong. Had I the chance I would be chasing the lotus game too. Few of us will have that opportunity though. . . .

"Let's consider the past season. In Pennsylvania there were 650,000 licensed hunters of which 500,000 or more were deer hunting. In a six-day season 127,000 or more deer were legally killed. That is a real army of hunters and a real herd of deer. Would any one advise my claim that it is probably the largest army of hunters and the greatest one season kill in any state or province. . . .

*Edited by*  
**Phil Sharpe**



**"That Peters High Velocity .22 hit  
like a 10-ton truck...or you'd  
never hear this tale!"**



**1. "I FREEZE STIFF** as a snow man when I saw that rattler ready to sink its fangs into my leg. With my back to the canyon wall I couldn't move a finger! Then I heard the crack of Joe's rifle, the accurate smash of a High Velocity .22—and man, oh man!—what a relief! That big rattler folded up as if he'd been hit by a 10-ton truck!"



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**3. "ACCURACY!"** Your bullet hits exactly where you aim. Believe me, Peters ballistic experts know how to build accurate! With the newest laboratory equipment, they're able to study and improve the action of cartridges all the way from trigger pull to target. And so for...



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"Pennsylvania is not the only region so regaled by good gun culture. Is not the old saw about 'the greatest good for the greatest number' still sound?"

"Mr. Average Plaster may be a man in the low, medium or high salary brackets. He is married, has a family, owns a car and a home, and boasts not over thirty days a year.

"Many a man uses a shotgun as a wall paper, but his idea of pattern in the paper used by his wife is dromedaking. Cloke to him is the difference in a barrel that will shoot a duck and one that won't. Drop, push, keel, crouch, and trigger pull are technical terms used by experts to distinguish those from normal people.

"Should I suggest that the gay exhibitor of today and tomorrow lean over backwards a little and help Mr. Average Hunter (this includes me) with our little problems?"

"Sure, I know you will answer our questions but I feel that it is the duty of the magazine to credence and hand the information to us on a platter, as it were, for our digestion. Therefore, I believe the gun editors should give the patient credence to the patient in any way he can take it best.

"True, Mr. Average Hunter wants to hear of new developments of target guns and even of the high priced equipment because he realizes that he lives not alone. There are many kinds of interest for many kinds of people in this world."

"Mr. Average Hunter wants to believe that the great game of hunters and game is a brotherhood where everyone is welcome, not a private club for only the elite. A welcome position in this wonderful group must be kept for Mr. Average Hunter or he will feel that he is being ostracized, and ostracized."

"Like the crooner, I have exaggerated my  
case. Also like the crooner, I only expect you  
to be half convinced. If you are half convinced  
I am ahead."

"May I congratulate you on your very, very, very, extremely, enormous sense towards towards you mother. I honestly think that you have the well known goodie there (dancer of order, thought is too—dit) and I am heartily in accord with your views. My two daughters at 8 and 4 years were able to live and handle a 22 mile with lots of experience. It might have the danger of those two of dad's. They showed more fear of an empty glass than of parental wrath. Seven years later this is all with them and will remain as a protection for the rest of their lives."

We don't disagree with this writer. As a matter of fact, we do not comment. Some 100,000 or more of our readers will probably agree with him.

On the other hand, all of us like a little bit of advance dope. We'll endeavor to give it to you. If you read something you do not understand on these columns, remember that you are free to write us requesting an explanation. All you need to recall, in addition to that, is to exclude a positive story.

And so we get down to that point in the column marked:

## New Shot Shell

At last it's here—the new Remington-improved shotgun shell which they have been quietly developing for the last three years.

Shotgun owners have long worried about the rather vague definition of patterns as used for a given choke by shotgun manufacturers. The pattern is merely the percentage of the shot charge concentrated in a circle of given diameter at a given range. Generally speaking, a full choke gun is patterned at 40 yards with a 30-inch circle used. A gun delivering good results will throw from 70 to 75% of its charge in that 30-inch circle at that range.



New Ithaca Model 37 Repenting  
Skeet Gun weighs only 6½ pounds

# SKEET

## THE SHOTGUN TRAINING GROUND

It is a well known fact that skeet originated from the desire of several upland bird hunters to improve their gun pointing. They used any given number of flight angles with hand and mechanical traps to perfect themselves—as well as at possible through artificial duplication of real game shooting—in the variety of odd shots which they encountered in quail, woodcock and grouse shooting. Since most of these men were particularly interested in grouse shooting where it is not uncommon for an old buddy to come morning out of the top of a pine and nearly take your hat off as he zips overhead, it is at least a possible assumption that they included the station eight shot at skeet to get in some practice at this quick and frequently encountered grouse shot. But then there are those who say—and with good reason—that any man who hit a bird at station eight distances would pick up only a few feathers. Even so, the station eight shot, with the actual birds a few yards higher overhead, is one which the gunner meets not only in partridge cover but also frequently in the duck blind as well as when crow shooting at low thick cover.

But skeet was a natural for competition so that within a fairly short period of years we were having innumerable interclub shoots, intersectional matches, and then national tournaments with the idea of beating the other fellows. This brought on special skeet equipment in the form of special loading, attachments for control of patterns, and special loads to improve scores. In a very short time the average skeet shooter was doing a great deal more about beating the man shooting alongside of him than he was as to how skeet was helping him in his gun handling for hunting trips. In fact, from this it might be thought that the original idea of the game was lost in that many men bought special guns for skeet rather than using their field guns. However, although skeet has come into its own as a complete competition sport in itself, it still has a definite relationship to the hunting field, as many men have found out, through skeet, that their special skeet guns actually improved their field shooting.

Because of this we feel that it is high time that the shooting public was reminded of the value which skeet can be to their hunting. Not that the flight of clay target from the high house has the same erratic flight of a woodcock, for this is self-evidently not so. Nor does the clay from the low trap simulate the upward rise of a quail or pheasant. One relationship—and consequent value—comes in the fact that skeet helps any man in his gun handling if he will think about this rather than about how high his score is going to be. Many's the man that we've seen shoot as well as he could until he dropped a couple of birds in one string which would put him out of the hunting as far as competition went, then he lost interest, started to shoot sloppily. On the other hand, if a man wants to learn how to handle a gun smoothly, fast and mechanically—all accomplishments which will help him during the open hunting season—we believe that by keeping his hand on this objective he can kill more birds next fall. Forget the competitive angle and see why you are dropping a bird now and then. Maybe you're pulling your head up off the stock. Maybe you are stopping the swing of the gun when you cover the bird, instead of leading and following through. Let skeet be your shotgun training school.

For the sake of argument, we'll suppose that

you have just started your shotgun career. The hunting season these days lasts only a month or two in most states for game birds with some states giving a longer season for rabbits. But even so, the point is that if you use a shotgun only during the open hunting season you are going to have only a short time to get into the swing of things. Then just about the time that you really come into good form, you are confronted with the end of the season with a ten-month wait before you can again try to mop a fast flying wingnut or a fast footed rabbit. What more logical answer to the beginner than to visit the local skeet club? We've yet to see a club where a newcomer isn't welcome. More than that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he'll also find some congenial souls—more probably several of them—who'll make the time and trouble, and enjoy doing it, to show him a thing or two about shotgun handling. Don't get the idea that because you cannot shoot a consistent twenty-three per round that you should stay away from the local clay-busting setup. If you are having trouble with crossing shots, go round to the skeet field as regularly as possible and shoot your quota of shells from station two to six. If you are having trouble with incoming ducks, stand out there by the low house and plug away at incoming from the high house until you can blast 'em into dust.

Another good thing about a skeet club for a beginner is the safety factor. Let it be said for all skeet clubs from California to Carolina that by and large they are as safe from shooting accidents as the local kindergarten schoolroom. If you're just starting out with a shotgun, there's no better place for you to get a thorough training on how to carry and where to point a gun, and otherwise conduct your shooting hours safely than at a skeet club. Nearly every club has a good large set of safety rules hung up where you can see 'em. Every club has its watchful members who will see to it that the careless shotgun tater is careful you ever. You'll be taught never to point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at any one; that a broken double gun, or a separator or automatic with the breech open is a safe gun; that you should never put down a loaded gun; and a dozen other safety features that will work into your gun consciousness so that you'll automatically and unconsciously become a safer shooting companion afield. It's lack of training, lack of appreciation of the danger of a carelessly handled gun, that causes accidents. Good proof of this point is found in the fact that every year thousands of youngsters are taught to handle and shoot rifles on ranges under the watchful eyes of experienced shooters—and never yet has there been an accident on these ranges. Skeet can take the same place as the shotgun fraternity—and it should.

Let there be some misunderstanding on the part of the competitive shooters who have had the patience to stick with us this far, we want to state very clearly that we are all for competitive shooting. Competition is the life of any game. But maybe we've been putting too much attention on the competitive features of skeet and not enough attention on the man who wants to improve his hunting score and to learn shotgun lore. There are only a few thousand men in this country who have that perfect skeet score; there are only a few more thousand who want to shoot just to see if they can beat the next fellow. But there are hundreds of

By  
Hy Gunn

thousands of men who shoot a shotgun in the hunting field and those are the men who should be told that they are welcome at the local shoot club; that they can come to the nearest semi-circle of clay-busters and use the shoot layout as a training ground, that they don't have to put away the old pheasant buster at the end of the season but can keep their eye in with an occasional round of shoot from one year's hunting season on to the next.

### Westward Hol for the 1939 National Shoot Tournament Aug. 8-12

Westward hol is this year's watch word for tournament shoot shooters, for the National Shoot Shooting Association has selected San Francisco as the site for the 1939 national tournament and every shot gun swinger with a drop of competitive blood in his veins will want to be on hand when the opening gun is fired and hostilities get under way. The Pacific Mod and Gun Club, one of the west coast's most active and energetic sportsmen's organizations, will play host to what is believed will be the largest turnout of shooters in the history of national competition. Already plans are under way to increase the club's existing four field layout, bordering the shore of Lake Merced, to eight shoot semi-circles equipped with the most up to date of day target throwing equipment.

This year's National will be held during the week of August 8th through the 12th, somewhat earlier than previous championship tournaments, it is the belief of the committee that this will permit juniors and sub-juniors to take part without cutting into the beginning of the school term, and that southwestern shooters will be spared any conflict with their popular dove season.

We feel that the choice of San Francisco for the 1939 Nationals is a happy one despite criticism from some eastern shooters that the tournament tract is too costly an undertaking. In as much as it is still the policy to hold the national as a different location each year, certainly the west coast deserves equal consideration with other sections of the country. Their interest in and attendance at previous national tournaments and the enthusiasm which has resulted in a rapid growth of the sport locally, indicates that California shooters are fully prepared to stage a national shoot of the highest quality. With a "World's Fair" being held on both the east and west coasts, California has pared rates to a minimum so that a trip to California should be no more expensive than the St. Louis or Tulsa tournaments.

Neither can we overlook the extra out-of-pocket expenditures of a trip to the coast, namely a chance to visit the Golden Gate Exposition and an opportunity to enjoy some of San Francisco Bay's gently lured salted bass and king salmon fishing. As sportsmen we are more than moderately interested in the latter and west coast angling authorities inform us that August is a prime month for angling in the "Bay region." There is also very good black bass fishing in Lake Merced, adjacent to the tournament layout, so that you'll better pack a fly, bait or trolling rod along with your gun case. All in all, it looks like we were in for one of the most successful national tournaments in the history of shoot with more activity and interest packed into the second week of August than any other month on the entire sporting calendar.

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**BULL'S EYE & SHUFFLESHOOTER PISTOLS**  
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A. J. STOELER'S NEW MODEL RIFLE. LATEST TYPE. 1000 YARDS. 1000 YARDS. 1000 YARDS.

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Fluke and Freckles, mother and daughter, owned by Dexter Root of Springfield, Mass.

# S P O R T I N G D O G S by

Edward A. Briggs

## THE FEMALE of the SPECIES

FOR MANY YEARS Will Draper has kept beagles. Never an actual kennel: two or three, usually. You see them trotting about the neighborhood, placid, unoffensive little dogs. Or you find them taking a nap on the Draper porch, or stretched contentedly at Mrs. Draper's feet in the living room. Mrs. Draper is one of those ideal "sportsmen's wives" who seem to find nothing unusual or unknown in their husbands' love of field-sports—dogs included! And certainly the Draper dogs are as inconspicuous as any dogs in the town. It is barely known that occasionally there is a litter of pure-bred beagle puppies at Will's house, for dispersal, usually, among his hunting friends. But as for sex, the neighbors literally don't know what Will's beagles are.

Young Jack Shane hailed Will Draper one morning at the railroad station. "I'm buying a springer spaniel," said Jack. "Oh that is, I want to. My first sporting-dog, you see. I can get a female puppy for twenty dollars. The males are thirty-five; a bit steep for me. Is it true that you prefer female dogs?"

"I most certainly do!" said Will. "And so does Mrs. Draper. We wouldn't keep a male, too much bother. By all means buy your female puppy—provided, of course—"

"All aboard!" sang out the conductor. And Will swung up into the traincar, while Jack turned away to his sedan, all males and resolution.

Sam was a lovely puppy, two months old. Jack's family took her right into their midst. She cheered rags and slippers, at first, was presently house-broken, romped with the children indoors and out, removed a ball as if by magic, slept in the enclosed porch. Barely six months old when the shooting season opened, she was already a helpful hunter under Jack's amateur training, more than one big cock-pheasant, more than one cottontail she put up to Jack's gun. Through the winter she completed her growth, developed the quick intelligence, the deep affection of her sex. And always a house-dog, a lawn-dog. The Shanes' property had no fences, no outbuildings except the small garage. Then, in May, when Trine was about a year old—

Jack's days, of course, were spent at the office; Mrs. Shane had a domestic and social world of her own; the children—were child drama. The whole family "just didn't notice!" Till a neighbor's dog or two came poking about, rather annoyingly. "Well, yes," said Jack absently, over his evening paper. "I must ask Will Draper about this. And keep Trine in the house for a few days, my dear. Except for a few minutes, of course. Tell the children."

More dogs, on the lawn, on the porch! And Trine not quite so obedient when she was taken out, not so willing to return. Then somebody failed to bring her in again. She was gone all that night, and the next day. In late afternoon came a wonderful phone call, from the other side of town. "There's a perfectly awful, disgusting mob of dogs around here, running and fighting, and somebody says it's your dog's fault, a perfectly awful female dog—! And I've called up the constable and told him he must shoot these dogs or something, right away."

A frantic phone call from Mrs. Shane to Jack, and frenzied driving about and searching, and presently poor Trine was brought home in disgrace. Will Draper was consulted—was late, of course. And Trine was sent off for another week or two to the veterinarian's, who had plenty of buildings and kennels and slaves. She was brought home again, for a few weeks, till her surprising bulk made romping impossible; then she went to the vet's again, her litter of worthless mongrel puppies were promptly discarded, and at last, nearly three months after that tragic day and night of her "running loose," she was returned to the Shane family, and Jack took up again her training in the field. When the shooting season was about to open, in November, she was going beautifully a-field. And then—she came in late again, and spent those autumn days a prisoner at the vet's, while Jack Shane went through the season without a dog!

Jack gave up in disgust—and had Trine spayed. Now, at four years old, she hunts—or tries to? She has grown fat and gross, dull and enormous can't reduce her. She's sluggish, too; something of five and stout is gone forever out of her character.

If Will Draper could only have talked with Jack Shane that morning at the railroad station, the whole wretched business could have been avoided. Trine could have had the proper treatment from Jack—or from another and a better owner.

The female, says Will Draper, has certain great advantages as a home companion and as a sporting dog. As a puppy, she can often be purchased much cheaper than the male. Almost certainly she will develop earlier and more rapidly. She will be cleaner, more obedient and more affectionate in the home. She can be given her liberty, without that extended running away which the male dog often practices. Unlike the male, she will not "forget herself" under excitement, such as the presence of guests, and lift her leg against the furniture or curtains; neither will she "sprinkle" the shrubbery and the flower-beds and kill them. She will usually go to work sooner in the field. She will rarely fight or be fought by other dogs, anywhere; and this is a great advantage when she is driving up on a bird, or racing a rabbit, and a big farm car (almost always a male) comes charging out to cheer up the stragglers.

## YOU OWE A SCRATCHING



## DOG RELIEF

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Read a treatise that is informative, thorough! A pointed lesson your PRIDE may have! 1959 edition "Arthritis and Rheumatism" is useful and profitable. Address the author by Dr. W. P. Lawrence, P.O. Box 100-71 St. Paul, Minnesota.

## Fistula Sufferers Face Danger

One of the most painful of medical ills today is that of **anal fistula**. Sufferers with serious cases must guard against health hazards by self poisoning. Thousands could save themselves from mutilation and even save their lives by taking proper treatment in time. The "Fistula Cure" by Major Clinic, a famous name, makes it the world's first and only **FISTULA** book which explains **Fistula** and other rectal diseases, tells how more than 50,000 persons have been healed by their book, provides **non-surgical treatment** (without hospital confinement) which has won First Prize and National award. Address: **Major Clinic**, 4001 North 1st St., St. Paul, Minn. 55108.

spoiling dog. Finally, if she proves a really good field dog, it is an easy matter to send her to a good stud, keep one or more of her puppies to hunt with her and take her place in the age, and make a neat profit on the remainder of the litter. Will Draper has bred his own beagles for four generations, seventeen years, and kept his strain the best obtainable!

But, says Will, do not buy a female unless you are capable of noting when the comes in heat, and of carefully confining her for three weeks. This need not be in an unwarmed person cell on the second floor, Will's two or three beagles—all females—sleep in boxes in an enclosed porch at the rear of the house, are often in the house, and usually run about outdoors at will. But outside this porch, on the back lawn, is a neat, high-fenced kennel yard, twenty by forty feet. From the day a bitch shows the first signs, she has access to this kennel-yard, but never for one moment to the open lawn. Hence the never worries on the lawn or about the neighborhood (the infallible "come hither" signal for the coming male) and the male dogs drift by, even right up to the kennel fence on occasion, without learning the seductive secret. If you cannot build a kennel-yard, you can keep the bitch strictly within a building, such as a garage, during her period. Or you can arrange a corner in the cellar or basement of your house, with ash or sand, where she will readily learn to relieve herself without going outdoors.

And finally, says Will, don't buy a female if you must count on her as your only available sporting dog, every shooting season. Some bitches come in heat regularly every six months, most of them at longer intervals such as eight months. Rarely is a female in heat during two successive shooting seasons. To be sure of a shooting dog, you can keep two bitches!

The female of the species? Why, of course she's more desirable than the male; provided, of course, that we're capable of appreciating quality, and of giving it the slight extra care which it deserves!

**NEXT MONTH**  
Be sure to read our big June issue, filled with authentic stories and departmental material.

## CORRESPONDENTS WANTED

**Editor, Hunting & Fishery**—It is a pleasure to be able to tell you that some days I am kept busy in reading one of your magazines, and it was enough for me to order immediately a new year subscription through The Mapler Agency at New York as I think that yours is one of the finest sport magazines published in the States.

I would be very grateful to you if you could get some of your readers (one of them) to enter into correspondence with me, as I would very much like to have a friend in the States, who is as enthusiastic as I am on fishing, hunting, canoeing, dogs, men, canoeing, etc.

For your guidance, I want to tell you that I am 34 years of age, married, born in Chile, and that I take every opportunity when to hunt or fish.

Thank you extremely for your kind attention in this matter.—**Andrés F. Delano, Calle 153, Valparaiso, Chile.**

We felt that the best way to comply with Reader Dabson's request was to publish his friendly letter. Undoubtedly, American sportsmen desiring to write to him can enjoy a really interesting correspondence with this South American neighbor.—**Editor.**

## I TRIED THIS NUDIST STUFF!

They clipped me once, just once! What a treat — for this and that! Then the Best read Albert Purkin Layman's article in the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK, and my real dog's are over!

The Best learned plenty from the DOG BOOK. All about training and feeding me. How to tell when I'm sick—and what to do about it. It's important for every dog's master! But it has all in a dog or get close — or read this coupon.

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For Target — Hunt — Shoot — Write Today!

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## The PERFECT COAT that comes from feeding HUNT CLUB DOG FOOD

Is your dog's coat rough and brittle? Is your dog's coat rough and brittle? Is your dog's coat rough and brittle? Is your dog's coat rough and brittle?

**Easily Explained!**  
Most cases of eczema and other itchy skin disorders come from malnutrition. A change to Hunt Club's nutritive complete balanced canine diet is sufficient to disappear quickly. Most economical, too—24 to 36¢ for a full day's feeding, depending on breed of dog. Ask your grocer or feed store for Hunt Club's Maritime Milling Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.





## ARMS & AMMUNITION

(Continued from page 49)

### News of the Day

Let me show you the new Ithaca Model 37 20 ga. Featherlight pump repeater. Ithaca is in production on these and will soon be ready to take care of orders. This month our Model 37 line to cover the 12, 16 and 20 ga. sizes.

The chief item of interest in this new Ithaca is the weight, advertised as running about 5 1/2 pounds. No gun maker can guarantee weight due to the difference in density of wood but Ithaca is playing safe with their weight announcement. The job I have been using for the past several months runs 5 pounds, 10 ounces, and is 5-shot capacity at that. It is, of course, furnished with a plug to change the magazine to 3-shot conforming with Federal Laws for migratory birds.

This 20 ga. is available in 3 models—the Standard Grade for field use, with 26" and 28" barrels; Sport Grade (see illustration on page 50 for Sport and game, same barrel length but equipped with Ithaca's exclusive ventilated rib and large Sport type forestock, running weight up to 4 1/2 pounds; the Trap Grade also with 26" and 28" barrels, rib recoil rail, and selected wood in the stock with finger trap forestock, including elaborate high grade hand checking—weight of about 6 1/2 pounds.

Naturally, the Standard Grade will be the best seller. This is nicely decorated with game scenes on both sides of the receiver and is quickly taken down, has an extremely short and smooth pump action stroke. Ithaca announces that the handy cross-bolt safety will be furnished in reverse for left-handed shooters on order.

Sport as checked as is the forestock, pistol grip has standard grip cap. The receiver is of the solid top and side variety with bottom section so that no escaping gas can get in the shooter's face. This also keeps dirt and rain from falling into the action.

For the man who wants a light pump gun in 20 ga., this is the answer. Low South of Ithaca, in showing me this gun last summer when it was in the hand-made pilot stage, told me their mind is continually requesting lighter and still lighter guns for field use. They have made this gun light without sacrificing safety in every gun is proof tested with the standard 7 1/2 tons pressure proof cartridge.

A LETTER from T. L. Lutz, new General Manager of Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. reports that the firm was completely reorganized November 25, 1938 with new officials and a complete change of management. He reports that Clarence C. Dodge, Treasurer and general manager of the George L. Blake Co. was elected president, Robert Nelson, treasurer of the Arcade Marble-iron Co. and Ralph Brooks of the same company became directors. Mr. Lutz is general manager in complete charge of the factory with Clifton J. White appointed as sales manager.

When you write this department for information be sure that your name and address is clearly and accurately written. You'll get a reply promptly. Please enclose a stamp.

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Help us and we'll help you. To the sportsmen who give us complete answers to the questions listed below by May 15th, 1939 we will send this new book "200 THINGS SPORTSMEN SHOULD KNOW."

Your answers will be kept strictly confidential. No use of your name will be made. No salesman will call on you. The information you give us is for use only in arriving at statistical averages for all of the readers of HUNTING & FISHING.

To qualify to receive FREE BOOK, envelope must be addressed . . .  
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Using a soft pencil, fill in the form below as accurately as possible.

(Use of torn cut and make)

#### READERSHIP

Do you subscribe to HUNTING & FISHING? ☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Buy it on News Stands? ☐ Yes ☐ No  
List other Sports Magazines you now subscribe to: \_\_\_\_\_ Others bought occasionally: \_\_\_\_\_

List General Magazines you subscribe to: \_\_\_\_\_ Others bought occasionally: \_\_\_\_\_

Do you read sports magazines with greater enthusiasm than general magazines? ☐ Yes ☐ No  
How many people beside yourself read your copy of HUNTING & FISHING? \_\_\_\_\_

Please list below (yourself last) all persons living with you in your home, such as: \_\_\_\_\_

1	2	3	4	5	6	Sex	Age	Occupation	Non-Sports (Yes/No)	Your Income
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>				<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>				<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>				<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
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<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>				<input type="checkbox"/>	\$

#### HOME

Check which you live in: single family dwelling ☐ apartment ☐ other ☐  
Do you own a camp, cabin, or summer home? ☐ Yes ☐ No Its value \$ \_\_\_\_\_

#### AUTOMOTIVE

If you own a car, what is its make? \_\_\_\_\_ Year Mfg.? \_\_\_\_\_ Bought New? ☐ Used? ☐ Total Miles Driven \_\_\_\_\_ Average Miles Yearly \_\_\_\_\_  
If you own a second car, what is its make? \_\_\_\_\_ Year Mfg.? \_\_\_\_\_ Bought New? ☐ Used? ☐ Total Miles Driven \_\_\_\_\_ Average Miles Yearly \_\_\_\_\_  
About how many miles do you drive your car fishing, hunting and camping in a year? \_\_\_\_\_  
How many years do you drive a car before replacing? \_\_\_\_\_ Do you believe that certain brands of gasoline offer you added mileage? \_\_\_\_\_ Do you regularly buy Elkhart Gasoline? \_\_\_\_\_  
Are you planning to purchase a new car within the next year? ☐ Yes ☐ No  
Do you own a trailer? ☐ Yes ☐ No Cost \$ \_\_\_\_\_

#### SPORTS EQUIPMENT OWNED

Equipment	How Many?	Cost	Equipment	How Many?	Cost
Sport Gun	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Tents	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Rifles	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Skis	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Shotguns	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Snowshoes	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Gun Cabinets	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Chest High Waders	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Fish Rods	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Wading Shoes	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Reels	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Hip Boots	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Soft Gamecocks	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	All Rubber Hunting Boots	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Movie Cameras	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	High-top Leather Boots	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Outboard Motor	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Low-top Leather Boots	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Yacht	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Leather-top Rubber Boots	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Motor Boat	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Muskrat Sole Boots	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Sail Boat	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Sneakers	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Row Boat	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Other Sports Garments	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$
Canoe	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$	Value all other Sports Equipment	<input type="checkbox"/>	\$

How many flashlight batteries do you buy each year? \_\_\_\_\_  
How many dogs do you own? \_\_\_\_\_  
Do you buy non-resident hunting licenses? \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Non-resident fishing licenses? \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Check if you have a home work shop ☐ Yes ☐ No Value of tools and equipment \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Best Sporting Goods Store in your locality \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Continued on next page

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## Lakers on Top

We have never found out definitely whether lake trout come up to the top before the ice breaks up in the spring or just as the ice breaks up. In any event, wherever laketrout are to be found it is fun to take them on light tackle along about now. Usually they stay within reach for about two weeks after the last ice has gone and they will strike at artificials without hesitation as they always seem to be on the feed.

Several times in the last few seasons this writer has journeyed to Hudson, Ontario, for the spring lake trout fishing and we have caught dozens of fish weighing from 10 to 20 pounds on a regulation bass fly and with a bass fly and spinner for bait. The fish are "followers" and the spinner should be watched constantly or it is entirely possible that strikes will be missed. The laketrout come up behind the lure, open their mouths and suck it in. They also blow it right out again without the angler feeling them and for this reason the glime of the spinner must be used as an indicator. When it stops glimmering, strike. Even large lake trout, because of the color of their backs, are extremely hard to see when looking down at them from a canoe or a pirogue.

When lake trout are near the surface they are quite timid, at least in the spring. During spawning in the fall they pay little attention to clattering or lurching or movements over their heads but for the early fishing quarters it is necessary. If a laketrout is following the lure and is frightened by other noise or motion, he will turn away and he won't come back.

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